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Indoor-outdoor Florida living is a feature of Marco Island, with 75 percent of homesites fronting on sparkling waterways, with boats docked a few strides from pools and patios. An eden of eagles, egrets, pines, palms and blazing hibiscus.

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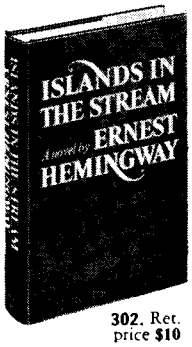

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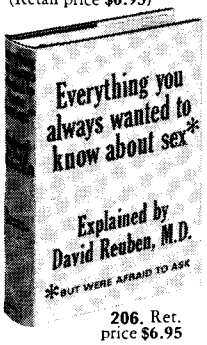

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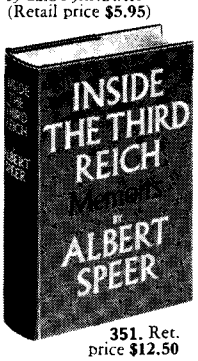

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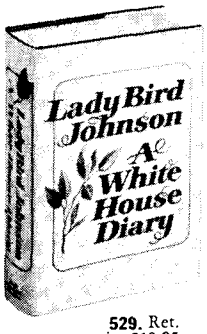

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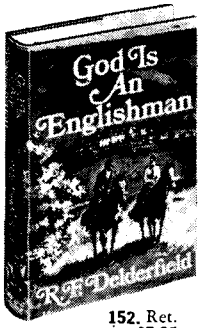

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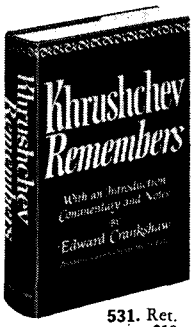

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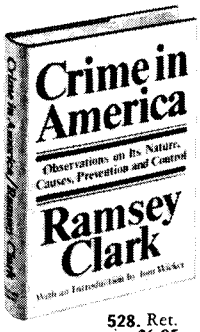

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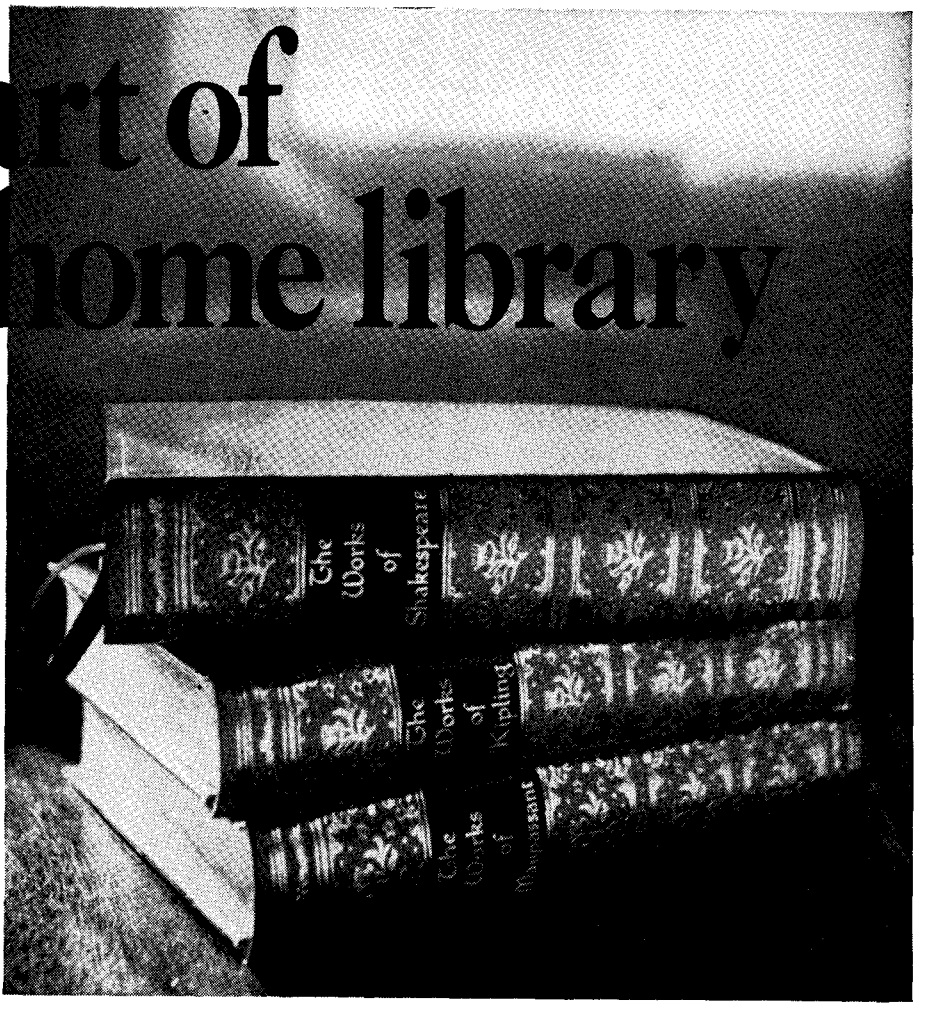

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The Duelist

I AM SO INVOLVED with words and the meanings of words that my conversation suffers—a paradox, I grant. But I read so much, analyzing words and their effect in text, and spend so much time in dictionaries, and get so involved with the way I use words myself (their effect on the reader) that there are huge pauses in conversation while I cerebrate. When writing, should I say "probably" or "maybe" or "doubtless"? So when I am sort of relaxing from a stretch at the typewriter (though one never relaxes) and start talking with someone, I start to analyze nearly every word he says for its etymological sense and the various meanings it has. And words are changing in meaning so fast, it is hard to keep up. To give you two examples: "bust" and "pig." In talking with friends or strangers, my tendency is to state, "Define such-and-such." Or ask, "Precisely what do you mean?" Naturally, this does not make me very popular.

I saw a scene in a TV movie recently where a beautiful blonde asked her Western warrior, decorated with sergeant's stripes, "Aren't you glad to see me?" He was, certainly. But my reaction would be, "Define 'glad.'" And if she had stood for that and I was satisfied with the definition, I would say, "All right. Now define 'see.'" And she would have probably run off crying to the ladies' quarters on the post.

Sometimes I am in a cocktail lounge or saloon and get into casual conversation with a stranger. He says in a chummy way, "The world is going to the dogs." Well, first of all—working backward—I think of the origin of the phrase "to the dogs." I don't know it, so I will have to look it up later. Then I wonder which dogs. On our side or theirs? Which suggests "running dogs." Why do Orientals think this is such a great insult? Probably because the running is done *beside* something, such as a rickshaw, and indicates instinct rather than knowledge is being used. But there are running dogs in Florida (for money), and there are dogs that run at you, and dogs that pursue you. Then comes, "Which kind of dogs? Chihuahuas, beagles, collies? Think of all the species of dogs there are!" Then having stored these queries in the left-hand corner of my brain, I repair to the first part of his sentence, and now I am ready to converse. "Exactly which part of the world do you mean?" I ask. About five minutes have passed, and this was not the answer he expected anyway. So generally he turns his back on me. And I never get to find out which kind of dogs he meant.

Another tendency I have is to pick apart a person's colloquialisms, which does not ingratiate me much. He says something is a "true fact." I say, "As opposed to a false fact?" He says something was a "bad accident." I say, "As opposed to a good accident, I presume. Or a fortuitous accident." He says, "So-and-so has a bad cold." I say, "As opposed to a superb one, possibly. Or perhaps a useful one." Though I suppose in, say, a military situation a cold could be useful—sick call and all that. He says, "So-and-so is a senile old man." "As opposed," I remark, "to a senile young man, a senile youth, a senile youngster." These half-smiling put-downs come out with the speed of a Gatling gun. ("Anile," incidentally, a word you seldom hear, is a senile old woman. I know because I used to make up crossword puzzles.) I can imagine myself irritating some fellow in a cocktail lounge or bar with these ripostes and he shouts at me, "You illegitimate b—d!" Whereupon I calmly reply, "As opposed to a legitimate b—d?" And he stops his left hook in midair.

In the course of telling an anecdote one time to a small group of people at a party I mentioned, "As you know, So-and-so has an unusual quirk." To be answered quickly by a male member of the group, who said, "As opposed to an ordinary quirk, a conventional quirk, a universal quirk?" I hit him in the mouth. You can see why I am not so much in demand as a conversationalist.

—REX LARDNER.

The Mudbacks

I SEE by the local paper that the New Jersey town where I live will hold a bicycle safety check next week. The chief of police will inspect bikes at the municipal parking lot, checking "brakes, lights, sounding devices, reflectors, and general bike condition. Those bikes which are approved will be marked with a 1971 inspection sticker."

I remember the bike I had when I was a kid. We didn't have bike inspections in those days, and it was a lucky thing. My bike would have flunked. Everybody's bike would have failed, mostly on "general bike condition."

Many safety devices were missing. One kid had no handle bars. And take reflectors. None of the bikes had reflectors because the reflectors were fastened to the fenders, and the fenders got torn off early in the game. Nobody worried about fenders; you worried about spokes. It was very important to have enough spokes so that the wheel remained more or less round. Each of my bike wheels had thirty-six spokes, and I found by experience that I couldn't afford to lose more than twenty. When a wheel lost too many spokes it began to sag and it was difficult to ride the bike fast.

The whole point was to ride the bike fast. You could tell a really fast bike rider by the streak of mud up his back.

I don't recall any of the bikes having "sounding devices." Once in a while, a fancy bike came equipped with a "tank" mounted between the upper-frame bars. Inside the tank was an electric horn that made a thin beeping sound for about a day. Then the battery corroded, and the whole bike turned green.

The most popular sounding device was the bike rider himself. He screamed when confronted by any obstacle, real or imaginary. Sometimes his voice changed in mid-scream, a terrible noise that could raise the mud on the back of your neck.

There were three popular ways of stopping a bike—"coaster brake," "hand brake," and "hitting something." Less popular methods included accidentally sticking your foot in the front wheel or clamping hard on just the front hand brake, which made you do a tight little somersault over the handle bars.

Another rather sloppy way to stop was to get your pantcuff caught between the front sprocket and the chain, causing a sudden shift of weight to starboard. You slowly fell off the bike and scraped along the ground. The bike, still attached to your leg, jarred around on top of you until an axle bolt stuck in your ear.

Few bikes had built-in lights. For riding at night, you just stuck a flashlight in a metal bracket mounted on the handle bars. During the day, the bracket stuck up and lacerated your chest whenever you ran into something.

A safety inspection also would have produced penalty points for loose seats and handle bars caused by stripped bolts or no bolts, missing pedal parts (just a spike stuck out), lack of air in the tires, or lack of tires to put air in.

No bike would have had a prayer of passing a modern inspection. It's just as well. There was no place to put a sticker anyway.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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Color Slide Art Lecture

IN YOUR HOME FOR $1

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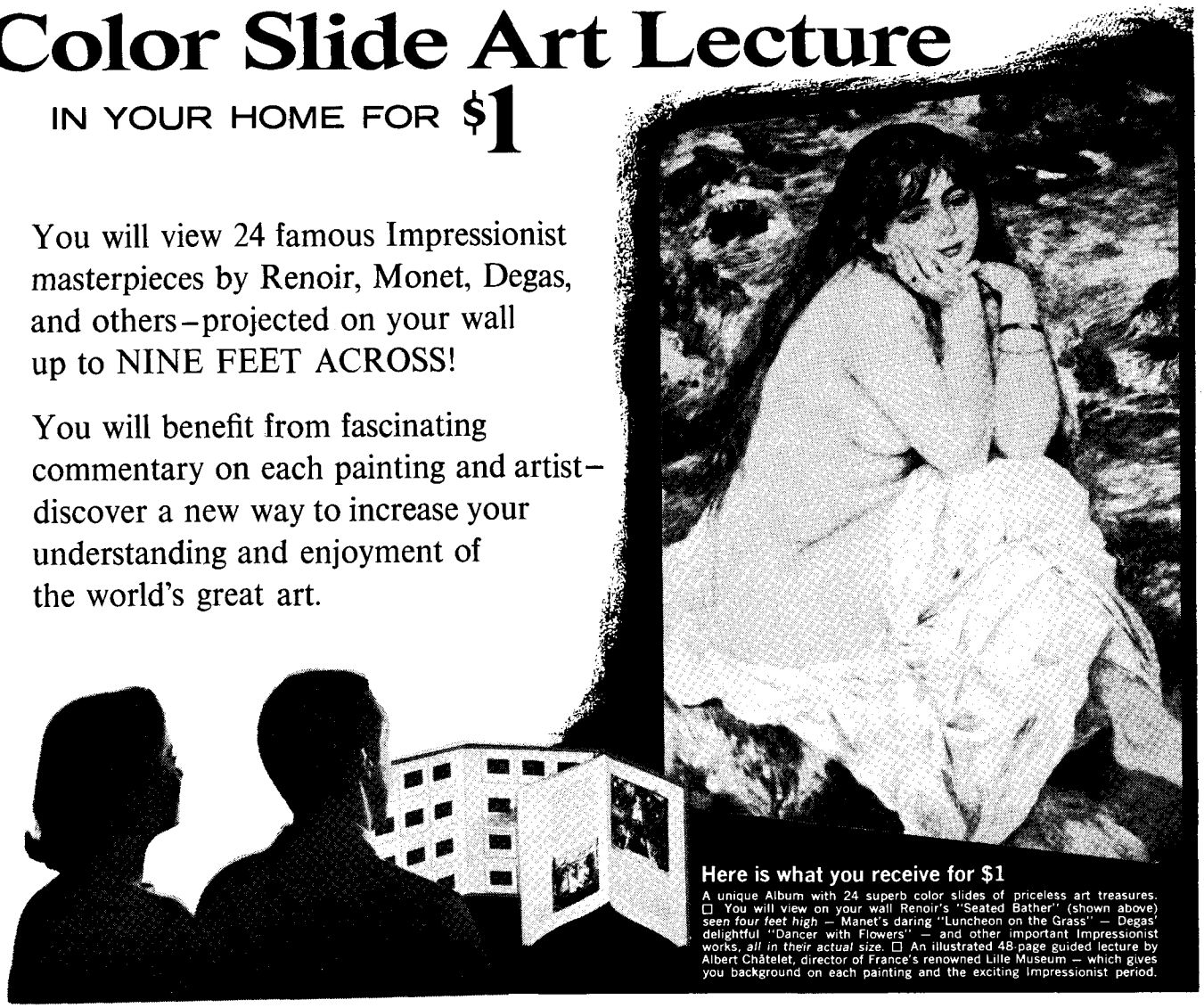
You will benefit from fascinating commentary on each painting and artist – discover a new way to increase your understanding and enjoyment of the world's great art.



Here is what you receive for $1

A unique Album with 24 superb color slides of priceless art treasures. ☐ You will view on your wall Renoir's "Seated Bather" (shown above) *seen four feet high* – Manet's daring "Luncheon on the Grass" – Degas' delightful "Dancer with Flowers" – and other important Impressionist works, *all in their actual size.* ☐ An illustrated 48-page guided lecture by Albert Châtelet, director of France's renowned Lille Museum – which gives you background on each painting and the exciting Impressionist period.

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THERE IS NO EXPERIENCE in the world of art more thrilling than to stand before a magnificent painting – and to learn about it from *someone who knows the work well.* Suddenly, everything you see takes on deeper meaning, as you begin to understand fully what the artist has tried to communicate through his choice of color, line, brush stroke, and theme.

Now, your family can share this exciting experience – and important cultural advantage – *at home,* through the Color Slide Program of Art Enjoyment. You view world-famous masterpieces projected on your own wall *in their actual size* (from 18 inches to 9 feet across!) *and glowing colors* – while a noted art authority points out the significant aspects of each painting, and gives you fascinating background on the artist and the period.

This method of art education–the color slide art lecture – is widely used by leading museums and universities. It has never been made available to families at home before.

A delightful way to increase your enjoyment of art

As a subscriber, you are offered a series of unique Albums. Each Album contains 24 color slides of priceless paintings by celebrated masters. These superb 35mm slides were created by specialist art photographers working in leading museums and collections throughout Europe and America. Their color is astonishingly true to the original canvases, and they can be used in *any standard home slide projector.* (If you do not own a projector, you may obtain one at low cost with your trial Album. See special offer at the right.)

But the color slides are only one part of the Album. Bound into the center of the Album is an illustrated 48-page guided lecture, which discusses each painting, its place in the development of the artist's style and thought, its importance in the history of art, how it reflects the tastes and attitudes of the period.

Viewing the paintings projected on your wall, and reading the absorbing commentary, you and your family will discover a whole new dimension in the enjoyment of art. If in the past, you have been disappointed at the inadequacies of small prints and art reproductions, you will be delighted at the thrilling visual experience offered by the Color Slide Program. It is the closest thing to taking a "private tour" of the world's great collections with your own personal guide.

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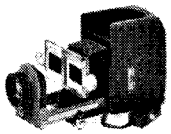
Approximately every six weeks, you are offered a complete Color Slide Album – including 24 brilliant slides and illustrated lecture. Albums include *Italian Renaissance Painting,* with masterpieces by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, and others – *The Golden Age of Spanish Painting,* with famous works by El Greco, Velazquez, Ribera, and their contemporaries – *Origins of Modern Art,* including canvases by Picasso, Chagall, Matisse, Braque, and others – and Albums covering every major art period.

If the slides were available from museums, you would expect to pay $15 to $18 for a set. Yet, as a member of the Program, you pay only $7.95 *for each complete Album* – including 24 color slides and 48-page illustrated lecture. You may take as few or as many Albums as you like, and stop when you wish.

IF YOU DO NOT OWN A PROJECTOR. We have obtained a limited supply of the sensational Minolta Mini 35-II, with Rokkor F2.5 wide angle projection lens. This top-rated portable projector shows all 35mm slides. List price $36.45 – members' price $17.95. If you wish the projector included, please enclose remittance with coupon. Full refund guaranteed if projector is returned within 10 days.



Accept this $1 demonstration offer

To introduce you to the Program, we will send you the *Color Slide Album of Impressionist Painting* (described above) for 10 days trial. If you are delighted with the demonstration, and wish to continue with the Program, send only $1, plus a few cents for shipping, thereafter, you will be offered a new Album approximately every six weeks at the low price of only $7.95. If not thrilled, however, simply return the Album within 10 days, tell us you do not wish to continue, and you will be under no further obligation. Mail the coupon today.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

If You Were President

IN HIS LAST question-and-answer performance on TV, our President vigorously articulated, and proudly defended, the goals of his domestic and foreign policies. Nixon spoke good, like a lawyer should.

The President was confident, in full control. If the questioners had hoped to catch him in a contradiction or a non sequitur, they could have saved themselves the services of the TV makeup man. The President drove right through with knowledgeable answers at his finger tips:

The Vietnam War? He's winding it down. The economy? He's winding it up.

Inflation? He's winding it down. Employment? He's winding it up.

Pollution? He's winding it down. Welfare reform? He's winding it up.

Taxes? He's winding them down. Revenue sharing? He's winding it up.

The newscasters called the signals, but it was our President who threw the passes, and, according to the game plan, he ran to catch his own passes, time after time carrying the ball to a touchdown. The Dallas Cowboys could not have done better.

And yet, despite Mr. Nixon's Herculean performance, there was the usual Tuesday morning quarterbacking. Know-it-all editorial writers and newscasters wondered in print and aloud about the legality of a quarterback's catching his own passes, and about the pitiful tackling that didn't lay a shoulder on him.

A lesser man would have said, "I've had it with those panel shows. The office of the Presidency is a heavy enough burden for one man's shoulders without his being continually subjected to these Tuesday morning quarterbacks."

But not our President. At the conclusion of the TV program, he politely invited the news people to come back in six months for another hour of conversation.

In anticipation of that next telecast, a new format should be arranged in which our President will be spared the critical jawboning that followed the last one. The onus will now be on the news people. A brief outline of the new program follows:

ANNOUNCER: Welcome to *Meet the President*, a question-and-answer program in which the President will ask questions of the newscasters. Because of the adverse comment from a segment of know-it-all editorial writers, and know-it-all newscasters, the President will this time ask the reporters how *they* would handle the problems of the nation. The panel consists of Eric, Howard K., and David. Their last names are not revealed in order to protect them from not being invited to Mr. Nixon's next New Year's martini party for the press. And now here is the President of the United States.

MR. NIXON: Thank you. First, I want to make it clear that I am not a know-it-all. Any man who thinks he is a know-it-all finds out he isn't when he assumes the awesome office of the Presidency. I am not intimating that my panel consists of know-it-alls, although when I occasionally watch you on TV, I sometimes wonder. But seriously, I come to you tonight, hat in hand, asking for your wisdom in solving our country's problems. I direct my first question to you, Eric. Tell me, if you were President, how would you end the war in Vietnam without becoming the first President to lose an American war?

ERIC: Mr. Nixon, I'm not a know-it-all either, but as President I would declare a victory in Vietnam and bring all our troops home.

MR. NIXON: Howard K., how could you, as President, suddenly declare a victory?

HOWARD K.: Well, if the Republicans could declare a victory in last fall's elections, this would be just as easy.

MR. NIXON: David, do you think it would be that easy?

DAVID: Easier.

MR. NIXON: Eric, don't you think if we suddenly pulled out all our troops, North Vietnam would take over South Vietnam?

ERIC: No, not if the Defense Department is correct about the Vietnamization program. Unless, of course, Russia comes in.

MR. NIXON: Howard K., do you think Russia would come in?

HOWARD K.: They might. Or China might come in.

MR. NIXON: David, which do you think would come in?

DAVID: Both.

HOWARD K.: David means that both Russia and China historically have wanted to take over Southeast Asia. Actually, from the beginning, this war should have been fought by China and Russia, instead of America. The Russians and Chinese have been content to sit back and watch us drain our resources and our manpower all these years in Vietnam.

MR. NIXON: Is that what you meant, David?

DAVID: Yes. But not in so many words.

And so on, until the President says, "Well, it's crystal-clear by my watch that we've run out of time. Thank you, and good night."

DAVID: Good night, Chet.

ERIC AND HOWARD K.: He means good night, Mr. President.

"You let me win, didn't you, Daddy?"

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42780 LED ZEPPELIN —III
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

42769 KING CRIMSON
Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

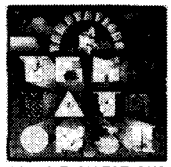
30635 DIANA ROSS—
Everything Is Everything
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

39095 BUDDY RICH—
Buddy & Soul
WorPa LP, 8TR, CASS

30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

67511 STEPPENWO —7
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CA

44753 TRAFFIC—John Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

12286 DUSCHENES RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP, 8TR, CASS

42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP

65779 MELANIE—Candles In Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS

66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD—Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS

38358 VIKKI CARR
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8TR, CA

33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

67509 GRASSROOTS
More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP

44365 JACQUES BREL —If You Go Away
Phili LP

65784 MELANIE—
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS

39089 5TH DIMENSION
—Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

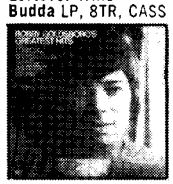
12121 3 CENTURI OF MILITARY MUS
Pirou LP, 8TR, CA

16759 TCHAIKOVSKY —1812 Overture
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

33469 BEST OF BUF FALO SPRINGFIELD
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

30607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Waters Run Deep
Motow LP,8TR,CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO—Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

38364 CANNED HEAT
—Future Blues
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

42765 ROBERTA FLACK—Chapter Tv
Atlan LP, 8TR, CAS

38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

33088 MOZART—
Piano Quartets
Vangu LP

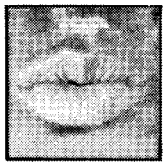
44712 MIDNIGHT COW BOY—Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

67510 THREE DOG NIGHT—Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

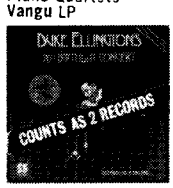
39071 5TH DIMENSION
—Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

44378 PAUL MAURIAT
—Gone Is Love
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CA

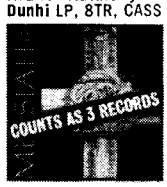


44381 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH.—English Muffins
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



44746 DUKE ELLINGTON—70 Birthday Concert (2 record set)
SolSt LP

66595 BOBBY SHERMAN
—Here Comes Bobby
Metro LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP

31787 MAMAS & PAPAS —16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

38773 DENNIS YOST & CLASSICS IV—
Golden Greats
Imper LP, 8TR, CASS

66671 RARE EARTI —Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CA

44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Love Is A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

42770 IRON BUTTERFLY—Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER—Workin' Together
Liber LP,8TR,CASS

44728 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Play Midnight Cowboy
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

43860 ERROLL GARNER—Feeling Is Believing
Mercu LP,8TR,CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS—Sings Moz & Strauss
ABC LP, 8TR, CAS

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Lettermen—Reflections	Capit	4.98	**1.88**
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Book review note—from Dorothy Lindsay of Seattle—in the January bulletin of the Seattle Women's University Club:

> Mark your calendar and don't miss this suspicious 1971 opener.

Sus-inspiring, we say. Meanwhile, Frederick B. Sweet of the *Union Advocate* of St. Paul, Minnesota, found this review in the National Press Club *Record*:

> The Little Angels, national folk ballet of Korea, last week gave one of the most heart-warning shows ever presented at NPC.

Well, don't say we didn't warm you. Elsewhere on the Korean front (and don't say we don't cover the globe), Ruth Merrill of Sarasota, Florida, favored us with a memorandum emanating from U.S. Headquarters, Korean Military Advisory Group:

> To: All Officers HQ KMAG
>
> The quality of staff writing of this staff is, for some reason, getting worse than abominable. Some papers are so bad it is unbelievable that anyone would allow his name to be affixed thereto, or that a branch or section chief would allow it to pass, indicating thereby his approval! A good test of a paper is to read it aloud to a fellow reviewer. If it is easily readable, and it is understandable to someone otherwise uninformed on the subject, then it probably is an acceptable paper.
>
> At all levels I ask you to think more (better) and do better (more).
>
> Put it in English—not jargon or gibberish.
>
> PAUL SHARP,
> Col, GS, Chief of Staff
> HAND CARRY—EXPEDITE

We can easily see the necessity for the final line. A thing like that shouldn't be trusted to the mails—it might get into the hands of the enemy.

Anyway, as if that weren't enough, Mrs. John Dugan of Cudahy, Wisconsin, sent along a review from the Milwaukee *Journal*:

> Speaking of books, "The Naked Face," (Morrow, $5.95) by Sidney Sheldon, is a humdinger of a mystery. . . . Sheldon's central figure is a psychiatrist who feels himself enmeshed in murder and, as the thot plickens, nearly a victim of it.

Don't thoot the typethetter—he'th doing the betht he can.

Finally, have we been had? Sometimes, we guess, we have been—as witness the following AP dispatch sent in by E. S. L. Cohen:

> SAN JUAN: This editorial note appeared in a travel guide put put by a Trinidad and Tobago-based airline. "Just in case you find any mistakes in this magazine, please remember they were put there for a purpose. We try to offer something for everyone. Some people are always looking for mistakes."

The best people, we say.

Which reminds us, what is the best team sport there is—the only one a reporter could cover regularly without ever getting tired of it?

The answer is hockey. At least so say we. And, what's more important, so says a man named Gerald Eskenazi. Mr. Eskenazi's first book, *Hockey* (Rutledge Books-Follett), sold 30,000 at $12.95, and he is now out with his fascinating second: *A Year on Ice* (Coward-McCann, $6.95), the story of the New York Rangers' 1970 season.

Mr. Eskenazi had a woman editor at Coward, Pat Soliman, who literally knew nothing about hockey and has, in fact, not seen a game yet. But, he says, once she'd got over the shock of the violence ("Gee," she said, "these people have no *teeth!*") they began to get together. "I remember her telling me, for instance, 'Don't just say the hat trick. Write the *history* of the hat trick.' "

Mr. Eskenazi, an only child, son of a garment worker and a milliner, was, at age twenty, walking to CCNY one day when, he says, "It suddenly occurred to me that here I am almost twenty-one and I'm not playing first base for the Dodgers. I realized my boyhood dream was up in smoke." In short order, however, Mr. Eskenazi smoked his way to the editorship of the CCNY *Observation Post*, meanwhile working nights from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. loading newspapers for *The New York Times*. In the course of these efforts, however, Mr. Eskenazi also managed to flunk out of CCNY. Nonetheless, he recalls, when he was interviewed for a job on the *Times*, they never asked him whether or not he had graduated—just about his work on the *Observation Post*.

Not until the first night of the 1962 newspaper strike did he meet Rosalind, the future Mrs. Eskenazi. "It was my first chance to go out with a normal girl at a normal time. I was then working as something called a news assistant—7 at night until 3 in the morning. My days off were Tuesday and Wednesday. When you're working like that you only get to meet what I call night girls.

"It's terrible," he smiled, "but I'll tell you one thing if you'll promise you won't tell Rosalind. I had a lot of fun.

"Seriously," he went on, "TV has changed sports writing completely. Virtually every event you can cover has been actually seen on TV—or at least the results have been seen. When fans pick up their paper they want to know what Bob Lipsyte or Dick Young or Jim Murray has to say about it."

Mr. Eskenazi was obviously naming his favorite sports writers. Who, we asked, were his TV favorites?

"Well," he said, "I like [Howard] Cosell. My only hang-up on him is that I wish he would realize he's that fearless and stop trying to prove it all the time and to make a personality cult of it."

We also found Mr. Eskenazi shared our views about local TV announcing. "They will never tell you anything that the coach or manager doesn't want known—or, for that matter, what the whole league management doesn't want known. For example, Red Barber insisted in his last year with the Yankees that the director show all the empty seats. The director refused, and shortly afterward Barber was fired. For another example, the Rangers have invited me on their radio and television shows—but they've also instructed their interviewers they cannot ask me about my book. Why? Because I have a story about a girl coming out of a player's room.

"It's one story," he snorted, "thirty-five words out of a 90,000-word book. Honestly, I think the FCC should set guidelines to make sure any announcer who is broadcasting any public sporting event should at least be free and unfettered from censorship by the organization he's talking about. After all, what would we think if Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley were under the same censorship talking about, say, election results?"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1920)

(SHIRLEY) CHISHOLM:
UNBOUGHT AND UNBOSSED

A man might be against a bill, but one phone call from a boss, advising him that his political future rests on his being for the bill, would turn him around. I have even seen a man cry because he was not permitted to do what he knew was right.

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost — provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"

Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us". Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Pluperfect "Frau"; Duple Barenboim

ONCE THERE WAS an old Metropolitan Opera House where, in the course of the decades, legends took root and tall tales sprouted. Now there is a new Metropolitan, and as the first decade in Lincoln Center passes the halfway mark, there too legends are beginning to take root. Nor will there be many taller tales in years to come than the one that is affiliating itself with Leonie Rysanek and Christa Ludwig in Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, as it began its third round of performances under the indispensable direction of Karl Böhm.

Though the sequence began in the first year of the uptown tenancy, in 1966, it is only now, with all the designs imagined by Robert O'Hearn finally in place and properly lit and the orchestra completely attuned to its super-Wagnerian effort, that Strauss's achievement can be seen and heard for what it is: a sunset glow of art and craft such as even he would not achieve again. As a totality, *Die Frau* is certainly the greatest operatic "machine" of the post-Wagnerian epoch, with the greatest potential for flight if it can be propelled from the ground. This time it unquestionably was, and, for some, it may still be soaring.

If so, its twin wings were the voices of Rysanek and Ludwig, supported, in their roles of the Empress in distress and the "Frau" who has a shadow (child-bearing power) to barter, by performers to match. Neither is, of course, unknown for abundant resource: the thrust was provided by its presence, in both and in full measure, simultaneously. The vocal freedom Miss Rysanek has demonstrated in some recent performances of *Fidelio* was evident from almost her first entrance, and Miss Ludwig's always responsive middle range was matched by a top register seldom heard from any singer nominally a mezzo. Walter Berry, as the Frau's sorely tried husband, kept pace with them in every essential, closely followed by Irene Dalis (Nurse).

For additional impact, the afternoon provided a drama within drama, as Robert Nagy, long mired in the secondary tenor and utility parts, earned his stripes as a full-fledged leading tenor in the role of the Emperor. Nagy's is not a lustrous tenor sound, but it is voluminous. He has now learned how to modulate it enough to make a swell here, a decrescendo there, that qualified him for inclusion among the extraordinary company in which he found himself. Böhm's direction was, from first note to last, authoritative and unswerving. He now has imparted the basic discipline so well to his ensemble (choral as well as instrumental) that it responds creatively to his influence. Taken altogether, with the ballet of the stage elevators added to the choreography of the turntable, and Nathaniel Merrill's stage direction complementing Böhm's musical supervision, this *Frau* showed the Metropolitan ensemble at a professional level comparable to that of any theater anywhere, operatic or otherwise.

The initial appearance in Carnegie Hall of Daniel Barenboim as pianist in collaboration with baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in a program of Schubert songs had all the ingredients of a prime mystery novel: two knowns, with an "unknown" hanging in the balance. Before long, however, it was apparent that the balanced equation was disturbed by a third, hidden factor: a program that did not include one of the major song cycles and did include a predominance of such declamatory matters as "Prometheus," "Die Götter Griechenlands," "Freiwilliges Versinken," "Totengräbers Heimweh," and "Auf der Bruck." Great songs all, and ones to which Fischer-Dieskau—within the compass of his restricted dynamic power—rose impressively. But they do tend to diminish the order of participation permitted to the pianist.

Lacking anything of cumulative character, Barenboim was restricted for much of the evening to the briefest of "takes," which came and went to the greatest mutual advantage in such lyric masterpieces as "Auf der Donau," "Der Wanderer," and "Litanei." Here the refinement of Barenboim's pianism, his acute sense of color and dynamics made for gratifying results. But they also made evident how hard an act Gerald Moore, who was affiliated with Fischer-Dieskau from his first New York appearance in 1955 till 1967, is to follow.

Fortunately, the unbalancing element in the equation was subtracted, and the best qualities of Barenboim and Fischer-Dieskau flowed irresistibly together, in the last phase of the program in which "Nacht und Träume," "Wanderer an den Mond," "Des Fischers Liebesglück," and the ineffable "In Frühling" made a match of what had been an uneven competition. If Fischer-Dieskau is of a mind to venture one of the great cycles, whether *Die schöne Müllerin* or *Winterreise*, Barenboim is clearly a companion for the journey.

It was, altogether, a vocal week for Barenboim, with two major works with voices in his Philharmonic program. Janet Baker was involved in both, as solo voice in the *Nuits d'été* of Berlioz and one of the vocal quartet in Bruckner's *Te Deum*. A generous and well-conceived program, which began with a tidy presentation of the Haydn C-minor (No. 95) Symphony and prefaced the Bruckner with an air-clearing performance of Webern's Five Orchestral Pieces, it also found Barenboim better possessed of the means to deal with the choral masses of Bruckner than the pastels of Berlioz. The latter pioneers a refined, closely calculated kind of orchestral writing that is not so much an accompaniment to the voice as it is its instrumental counterpart. Barenboim tended to defer too much to the singer, whose imaginative resources are hardly varied enough to carry such music on her own. Miss Baker is a fine technician and a conscientious interpreter, but I didn't hear the kind of imagery, imagination, or vocal coloration to complete the creative composite. Nor, for that matter, was the Philharmonic's orchestral playing of the kind commanded by Dimitri Mitropoulos for his memorable version of the Berlioz with Eleanor Steber. In the Bruckner, the most able vocalist, for my taste, was soprano Sheila Armstrong, with tenor Stuart Burrows laboring somewhat in his part, and Paul Plishka not quite possessed of the bottom notes required.

The Boston Symphony's conductor for its January visit was young Michael Tilson Thomas, in a Philharmonic Hall program of meager substance. Included were the Six Orchestral Pieces of Webern, which were, without question, well played; the third of Bach's *Brandenburg* Concertos, performed by an ensemble of a dozen strings; a facile but lightweight concerto for alto saxophone by the late Ingolf Dahl, for which Harvey Pittel was the excellent soloist; and Debussy's *Images*. Least productive in surroundings of Philharmonic Hall's size was the *Brandenburg* Concerto, which may have been conceived as chamber music, but not for a chamber seating 2,800. As presented by Thomas, the small string group was impelled to produce a sound both rough and undersized. The Debussy had a "breezy" performance, meaning more spirited than proficient.

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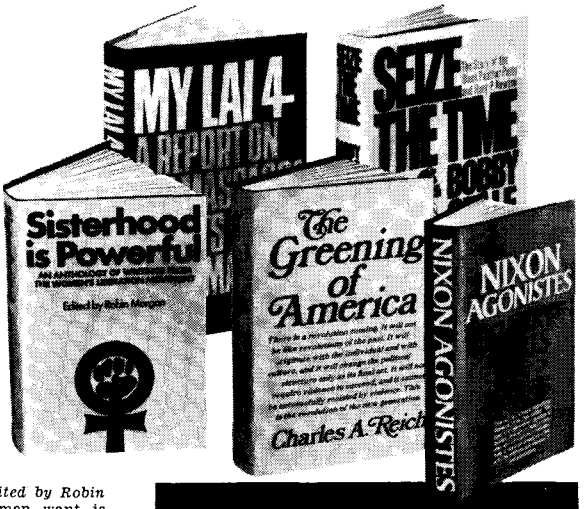

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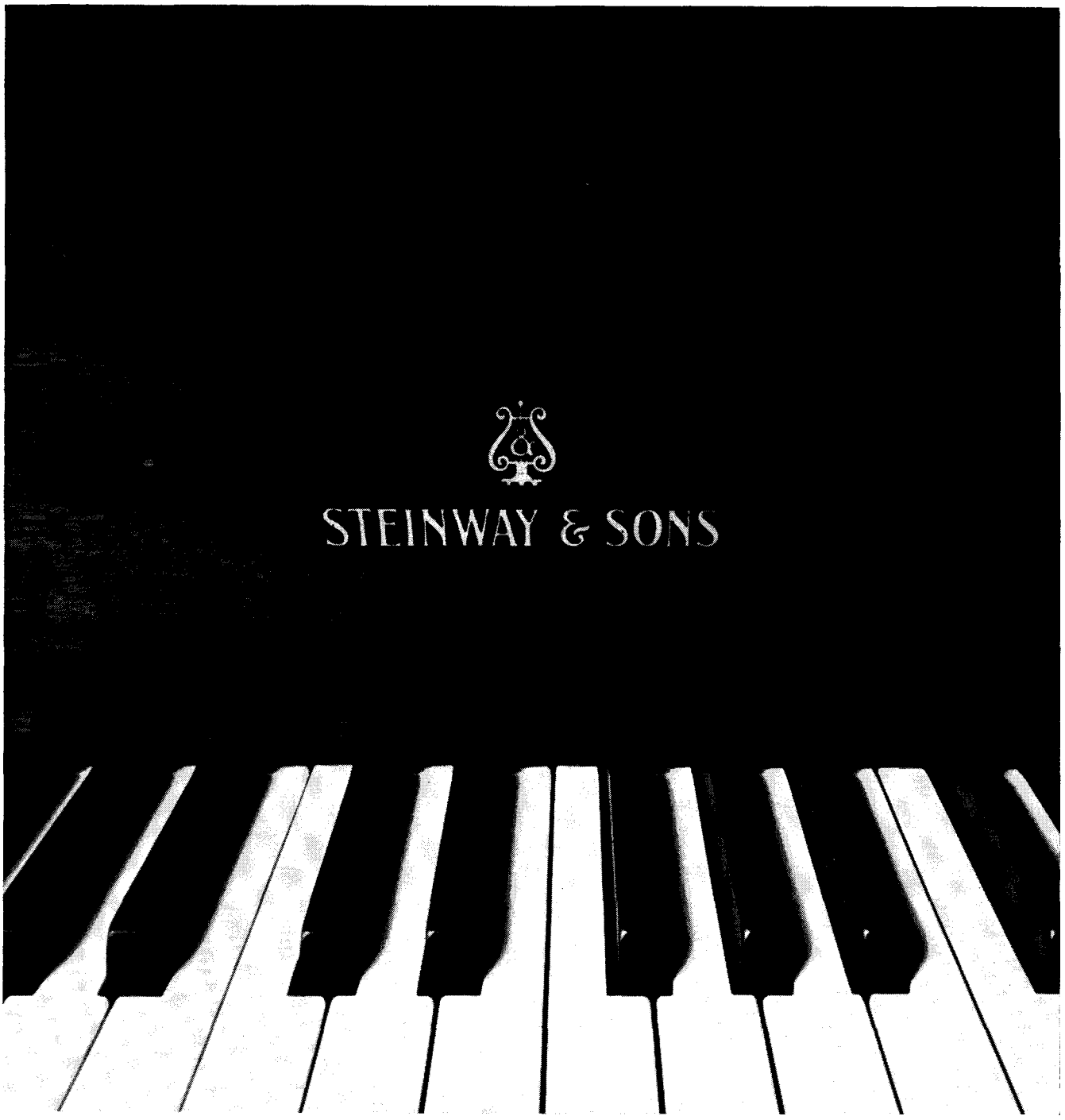

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Saturday Review
January 30, 1971

The Biology of Behavior

"If students and other intellectuals were well aware of the biological roots of their existence, it would be taken for granted that conformity is not a rule of life."

by ROGER J. WILLIAMS

The prevalence of student rebellions throughout the world makes one wonder just how effectively modern education relates to real human problems. To approach the problems of generic man from a biological standpoint may be far too superficial in this scientific age with its tremendous advances in technology; yet, could not the general weakness of human science be the basis for the comment by Robert Frost: "Poets like Shakespeare knew more about psychiatry than any $25-an-hour man"?

Biologically, each member of the human family possesses inborn differences based on his brain structure and on his vast mosaic of endocrine glands —in fact, on every aspect of his physical being. Each of us has a distinctive set of drives—for physical activity, for food, for sexual expression, for power. Each one has his own mind qualities: abilities, ways of thinking, and patterns of mental conditions. Each one has his own emotional setup and his leanings toward music and art in its various forms, including literature. All these leanings are subject to change and development, but there is certainly no mass movement toward uniformity. No one ever "recovers" from the fact that he was born an individual.

When a husband and wife disagree on the temperature of the soup or on the amount of bed coverings, or if their sleep patterns do not jibe, this is evidence of inborn differences in physiology. If one child loves to read or is interested in science and another has strong likings for sports or for art, this is probably due to inborn differences in makeup. If two people disagree about food or drink, they should not disregard the fact that taste and smell reactions often widely differ and are inherited. If we see a person wearing loud clothing without apparent taste, we need to remember, in line with the investigations of Pickford in England, that each individual has a color vision all his own; some may deviate markedly from the pack.

The inborn leanings of Mozart were evident by age three, and he began composing when he was four. Capablanca was already a good chess player—good enough to beat his father—when at age five he played his first game. For many centuries, Indian philosophers have recognized innate individuality, which they explain on the basis of experience in previous incarnations.

Biology has always recognized inborn individuality. If this inborn distinctiveness had not always been the rule in biology, evolution could never have happened. It is a commonplace fact in biology that every living organism needs a heredity and a suitable environment. Unfortunately, in the minds of most intellectuals biological considerations have been pushed aside.

Professor Jerry Hirsch, a psychologist at the University of Illinois, has protested in *Science* that "the opinion makers of two generations have literally excommunicated heredity from the behavioral sciences." This neglect of the study of heredity has effectively produced a wide gap between biology and psychology. Biology deals with living things, and psychology is logically an important phase of biology.

Bernard Rimland, director of the Institute for Child Behavior Research in San Diego, in reviewing my book *You Are Extraordinary* in *American Psychologist*, wrote: "Since between-group differences are commonly a small fraction of the enormous, important, and very interesting within-group (individual) difference, psychology's focus on average values for heterogenous groups represents, as Williams indicates, a chronic case of throwing out the babies with the bath water. 'Throwing out the babies' is bad enough, but we psychologists have the dubious distinction of making this error not only repeatedly but *on purpose*."

Social solidarity exists and social problems are pressing, but we cannot hope to deal with these successfully by considering only generic man, that is, average values for heterogenous groups. We need a better understanding of *men*.

The basic problem of generic man is how to achieve "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The writers of our Declaration of Independence were on solid ground, biologically speaking, when they took the position that each human being has inalienable rights and that no one has, by virtue of his imagined "royal blood," the right to rule over another. In their emphasis on mankind as individuals, Jefferson and his co-authors were closer to biological reality than are those of our time who divorce psychology from biology and center their attention on that statistical artifact, the average man.

Because each of us is distinctive, we lean in different directions in achieving life, liberty, and the pursuit of

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happiness. Happiness may come to individual people in vastly different ways, and so the human problem of achieving life and the pursuit of happiness resolves itself, more than it is comfortable to admit, into a series of highly individual human problems. We need to take this consideration into account in attempting to build an advanced society.

In understanding the scope of human desires, it is worthwhile to consider briefly the problems that real —as opposed to theoretical—people face. These may be grouped under four headings: 1) making a livelihood; 2) maintaining health; 3) getting along with others; and 4) getting along with one's self. These four categories, singly or in combination, cover most of the familiar human problems—marriage and divorce, crime, disease, war, housing, air and water pollution, urban congestion, race relations, poverty, the population explosion, the all-pervading problem of education, and the building of an abundant life.

The importance of approaching the problem of making a livelihood from the individual's standpoint lies in the fact that in our complex society a multitude of ways exist—an estimated 23,000—in which people can make a living. People are not by any means interchangeable parts in society. While some might function well in any one of a large number of capacities, many others might be highly restricted in their capabilities and yet be extremely valuable members of society. The idea that it is all a matter of education and training cannot possibly be squared with the hard biological facts of inborn individuality. This perversion of education perpetuates the banishment of heredity—an ever present biological fact—from our thinking. Fitting together people and jobs is just as real and compelling as fitting shoes to people. People sometimes suffer from ill-fitting shoes; they suffer more often from ill-fitting jobs.

The maintenance of health—both physical and mental—involves individual problems to such a degree that it is difficult to exaggerate their role. Ever since the days of Hippocrates it has been known in a vague way that "different sorts of people have different maladies," but we are only beginning to learn how to sort people on the basis of their inborn individual characteristics. When we have become expert in this area, vast progress will result, particularly in the prevention of metabolic and psychosomatic diseases, i.e., those not resulting from infection. As long as we dodge the biological fact of inborn individuality, we remain relatively impotent in the handling of diseases that arise from within individual constitutions.

The problem of getting along with others is a very broad one, in which individual problems are basic. If husbands and wives and members of the same family always get along well together, we would have some reason to be surprised when squabbles break out within business, religious, or political groups. If all these kinds of squabbles were non-existent, we would have a basis for being surprised at the phenomenon of war.

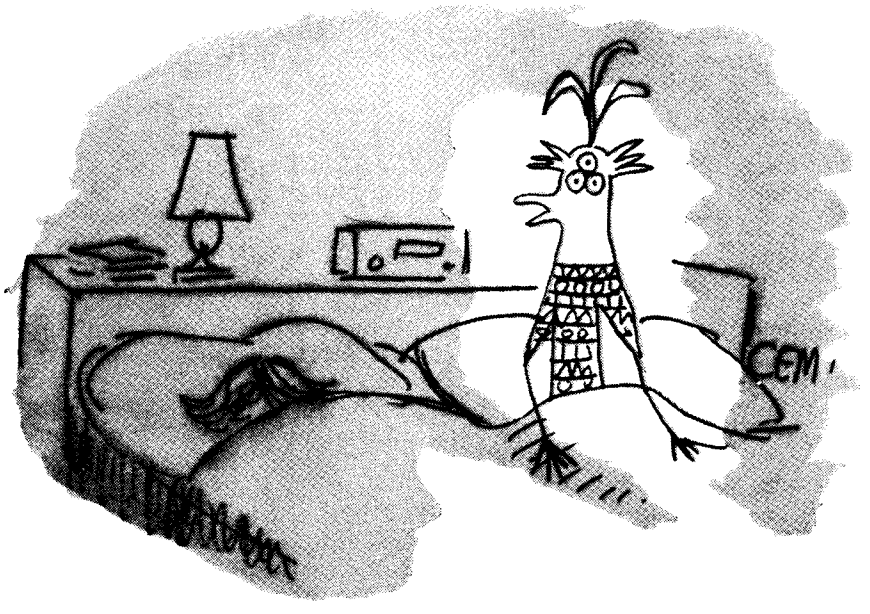
While self-interest and differences in training are vital factors in these common conflicts, another factor should not be overlooked: the inborn individuality of the participants. There is a mass of evidence to support the thesis that every individual, by virtue of his or her unique brain structure and peripheral nervous system, is psychologically conditionable in a distinctive manner. Thus, a person's unique nervous system picks up distinctive sets of impulses, and because his interpretive apparatus is also unique he learns different things and interprets the world in a distinctive manner. Even if two individuals were to have exactly the same learning opportunities, each would think differently and not quite like anyone else. This is the basis for the observation by Santayana: "Friendship is almost always the union of a part of one mind with another; people are friends in spots."

In spite of our attempts to do so, individual minds cannot be compared on a quantitative basis. The minds of Shakespeare and Einstein cannot be weighed one against the other; there were many facets to the minds of each. At birth the two minds were equally blank, but as they matured, each saw, perceived, and paid attention to different aspects of the world around it. Each was conditionable in a unique way.

The recognition of the uniqueness of human minds is essential to human understanding. By developing expertness in this area, psychology will eventually become far more valuable. In an advanced society with a growing population and closer associations, it is obviously essential that we learn better how to get along with each other. When we are unaware of the innate differences that reside within each of us, it becomes very easy to think of one who disagrees with us as a "nitwit" or a "jerk," or perhaps as belonging to the "lunatic fringe." When we appreciate the existence of innate differences, we are far more likely to be understanding and charitable. Strife will not be automatically eliminated, but tensions can be decreased immeasurably.

Individual problems are at the root of the problem of crime. Many years ago, James Devon placed his finger on the crucial point. "There is only one principle in penology that is worth any consideration: It is to find out why a man does wrong and make it not worth his while." The question "Why does a particular man commit crime?" is a cogent one; the question "Why does man turn to crime?" is relatively nonsensical.

Since all human beings are individual by nature, they do not tick in a uniform way nor for the same reasons. Broadly speaking, however, many doubtless turn to crime because society has not provided other outlets for their energies. If we could find a suitable job for every individual, the prob-



"I had the craziest dream last night."

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lem of crime would largely vanish. The problem of crime is thoroughly permeated with individual problems; it cannot be blamed solely on social conditions, because as the studies of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck have shown, highly respected citizens may come from areas where these conditions are the worst.

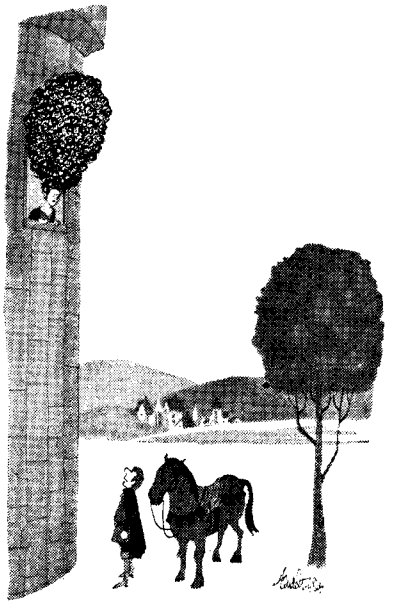
Racial relations would ease tremendously if we faced squarely the biological facts of individuality. If we were all educated to *know* that all whites are not the same, that all Negroes do not fit in the same pattern, that all Latins are not identical, that all American Indians are individuals, and that all Jews do not fit a stereotype, it would help us to treat every member of the human race as an individual.

It is no denial of the existence of racial problems to assert that individual problems need to be stressed more than they are. For individual Negroes and individual whites, the pursuit of happiness is by no means a uniform pursuit. Doubtlessly, although there are whites and Negroes who would think they had reached Utopia if they had a decent shelter and were assured three meals a day, this would not satisfy millions of others for whom striving and a sense of accomplishment are paramount. "The Negro problem" or "the white problem"—depending on one's point of view—is shot through with a host of individual problems.

Learning to live with one's self is certainly an individual problem, and will be greatly eased by recognition of inborn individuality. Much unhappiness and many suicides can be traced to misguided desire to be something other than one's self. Each of us as an individual has the problem of finding his way through life as best he can. Knowing one's self as a distinctive individual should be an important goal of education; it will help pave the road each of us travels in his pursuit of happiness.

Why have these facts of individuality not been generally accepted as a backdrop in every consideration of human problems? For one thing, many people, including scholars, like being grandiose and self-inflationary. To make sweeping pronouncements about "man" sounds more impressive than to express more limited concerns. Simplicity, too, has an attractiveness; if life could be made to fit a simple formula, this might be regarded as a happy outcome.

One excuse for excommunicating inheritance from the behavioral sciences for two generations has been the fact that inheritance in mammals is recognized by careful students as being exceedingly complex and difficult to interpret. It is true that some few characteristics may be inherited through the operation of single genes or a few recognizable ones. But other characteristics—those that differ in quantity—are considered to be inherited in obscure and indefinable ways commonly ascribed to multiple genes of indefinite number and character. These multiple-gene characteristics include, to quote the geneticists Snyder and David, "the more deep-seated characters of a race, such as form, yield, intelligence, speed, fertility, strength, development of parts, and so on." To say that a particular characteristic is inherited through the mediation of multiple genes is to admit that we are largely ignorant of how this inheritance comes about.



"On second thought, Rapunzel, don't bother. It's been nice talking to you."

Recently, some light has been thrown on this problem by experiments carried out in our laboratories. These experiments involved armadillos, which are unusual mammals in that they commonly produce litters of four monozygous ("identical") quadruplets that are necessarily all males or all females.

By making measurements and studying sixteen sets of these animals at birth, it became evident that although they develop from identical genes, they are not identical at all. Organ weights may differ by as much as twofold, the free amino acids in the brain may vary fivefold, and certain hormone levels may vary as much as seven-, sixteen-, or even thirty-twofold. These findings clearly suggest that inheritance comes not by genes alone but by cytoplasmic factors that help govern the size of organs (including endocrine glands) and the cellular makeup of the central nervous system. "Identical" twins are not identical except with respect to the genes in the nucleus of the egg cell from which they developed.

One of the most interesting suggestions arising out of this study is the probability that individual brain structures, which have been known to have "enormous" differences since the investigations of Lashley more than twenty years ago, are made distinctive by the same mechanisms that make for differences in organ weights. The size, number, and distributions of neurons in normal brains vary greatly; this is biologically in line with the uniqueness of human minds. The further elucidation of this type of inheritance should help to focus more attention on heredity.

If this line of thought is valid it makes even more ridiculous the invitation issued by the Ford Foundation to the biological sciences to stay out of the precinct of human behavior. The expression "behavioral science" came into being many years ago as a result of the formulation of the Ford Foundation-supported programs. Biochemistry and genetics, for example, were kept apart from the "scientific activities designed to increase knowledge of factors which influence or determine human conduct."

What can be done to bridge the gap between psychology and biology? More importantly, how can we develop expertise in dealing with the human problems that plague us but at present go unsolved?

A broad, long-range, and practical strategy for learning how to deal more effectively with human problems is to explore, problem by problem, the inborn human characteristics that are pertinent to each one. Differential psychology, for example, needs to be intensified and greatly expanded; this can probably be done most effectively in connection with a series of problem-centered explorations.

Some of the specific problem-areas that require study from the standpoint of how inborn characteristics come into play are: delinquency and crime, alcoholism, drug addiction, unemployability, accident proneness, cancer, heart disease, arthritic disease, mental disease, and, broadest of all, education. Each of these problems could be vastly better understood as the result of interdisciplinary study of the influences of inborn characteristics. Such study would include differential psychology when applicable, combined with extensive and intensive biochemical and physiological examinations, for example, of blood, saliva, urine, and biopsy materials. To expedite these investigations, automated equipment and computer techniques would be

(*Continued on page* 61)

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The Invisible Intruders

There is something depressingly familiar about the latest round of disclosures and denials concerning military "surveillance" of ordinary domestic political activities and the compilation, by Pentagon computers, of extensive dossiers on thousands of innocent American citizens. In the revelations triggered in December by Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina, the culprit was the Army and the targets were hundreds of political figures and other people in the state of Illinois, among them Senator Adlai Stevenson 3rd. But related disclosures before—and since—Senator Ervin's report make it clear that the military is hardly alone in its illegal and illegitimate invasions of Constitutional rights. What they suggest is that all the revelations, all the statements by former agents, and all the debates about how the information is collected and stored only constitute the tip of an iceberg of snoops, provocateurs, and double agents working for hundreds of different organizations in America.

Local police, state police, the CIA, the FBI, and the military operate extensive networks to gather information, infiltrate organizations regarded as potentially dangerous—or useful—and maintain large and growing files on political figures, journalists, community leaders, and just plain private citizens. In the past decade these agencies have developed sophisticated electronic means to carry on surveillance, record telephone conversations, photograph demonstrations, and collect other data about their subjects. The availability of the means seems to create a compulsion to use them, and the existence of the files seems to create a kind of miser's passion to preserve them. In Washington the sardonic reminder that "this conversation is probably bugged" has become more than a casual joke.

What makes the latest round depressing is the familiar set of responses from Pentagon officials: 1) it never happened; 2) it did happen but without *our* knowledge; 3) it was necessary for reasons of national security and the prevention of domestic disorders; 4) we will stop all surveillance and destroy the files and tapes; 5) we will put military surveillance activities under the direct supervision of civilians in the Pentagon. More than a year ago, a former Army intelligence officer named Christopher Pyle first revealed details about the Army's domestic espionage activities. "Today," Pyle wrote, "the Army maintains files on the membership, ideology, programs, and practices of virtually every activist political group in the country. These include not only such violence-prone organizations as the Minutemen and the Revolutionary Action Movement but such non-violent groups as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Clergy and Laymen United Against the War in Vietnam, the American Civil Liberties Union, Women Strike for Peace, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People." Military undercover agents, according to Pyle and other former Army personnel, had posed as press photographers and reporters covering anti-war demonstrations, as college students, as residents of Resurrection City, and as staff members of various anti-war organizations.

After the publication of Pyle's charges in the magazine *Washington Monthly*, the Army promised to destroy its files and tapes on domestic political activities and, in some instances, did so, but in most cases microfilm or other duplicates were retained. Senator Ervin's recent revelations indicate, moreover, that surveillance by military agents has not declined; they also indicate the difficulty of shutting down any intelligence operation once the means and the agents have been assembled. In response to the Ervin disclosures, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird announced that beginning in February the military's domestic intelligence activities would be placed directly under civilian control, meaning the supervision of Pentagon bureaucrats rather than Pentagon colonels. What that promises is more of the same, not elimination of the substantive abuses.

The Army's justification for the collection of domestic political information generally is based on its responsibility to maintain order in case of major riots or civil insurrection. But that justification—even if it is interpreted with the broadest possible latitude—remains thin. In the event of insurrection, it would not be the military but civilian police agencies that would be responsible for the arrest of guerrillas and insurgents. The Army's concern is with crowds, not with individuals. More important, however, is the total lack of justification for the maintenance of files on elected political leaders, among them some of the most respected members of the House and Senate, people whose only claim on the interest of the military is that they have been critics of the Pentagon and its policies.

"The Army," said Senator Ervin, "investigated these men during their campaigns for office and while they were in office." They were in no way associated with violence or the possibility of insurrection. "It was enough that they opposed or did not actively support the government's policy in Vietnam, or that they disagreed with the domestic policies of the administration, or that they were in contact with or sympathetic to people with such views." If Army intelligence collects data on elected public officials (and, in some instances, leaks it to other agencies or the press), then no citizen is safe. That the existence of such intelligence activities has become public knowledge makes them no less dangerous; in fact, it increases the potential for repression and intimidation. The military can perennially

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deny and minimize, but at the same time let it be known that Big Brother is still watching. The existence of a large file of political dossiers in military or police intelligence files is not tantamount to totalitarianism or thought control, but it is one of the necessary elements.

What is most disturbing about the recent disclosures, however, is what they suggest about the pervasiveness of domestic political surveillance. Even if the Army were to get out of the domestic intelligence business entirely —and there is little likelihood that it will—we would still be subject to the activities of hundreds of other agencies, governmental and private, would still have to bear the suspicion that the files, the tapes, and the computer data banks keep growing, and would still live in a country where privacy from official intrusion is increasingly jeopardized by a network of interlocking data storage systems that collect everything from credit and tax records and Social Security numbers through data on criminal arrests, political affiliations, and personal associations.

There are, for example, 2.6 million people in America who, at one time or another, had a driver's license revoked or suspended; their names and offense records are stored in a national computer file at the Department of Transportation. There are 10.2 million names in the U.S. Civil Service Commission "security file," an index to determine "suitability involving loyalty and subversive activity." There are 13,000 activist critics of American policy in the files—and under general surveillance —of the Secret Service. And there is growing exchange among police data banks in most major cities; some of these data banks contain only "relevant" criminal records, others include the names of "potential subversives," political activists, and even the names of school children who have been arrested (not necessarily convicted) for possession of marijuana, for participating in demonstrations, or for truancy. That the subjects of interest and the questions asked by the snoops are often ludicrous and that they seem to reveal abysmal ignorance of the things that any reader of a daily newspaper should know do not make their activities less dangerous. It simply indicates that when labels like dissent, protest, activist, or demonstration become attached to a subject, subversion, treason, and violence are automatically regarded as real possibilities.

Within the next few weeks Senator Ervin's Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights will open hearings on the activities of the military in collecting and maintaining files on civilians. It would hardly be inappropriate if those hearings were extended to other aspects of the burgeoning surveillance business, public and private, and if the subcommittee asked not only about the illegitimate activities of military spies but also about surveillance and data collection by other agencies at all levels: What kind of information is collected and stored? Who has access to it? Who controls its use? What are the chances of leaks or (as has occasionally happened in the past) outright sale by police agents to private buyers? How is information exchanged? What access, if any, does a private citizen have to his own file? What redress does he have against the circulation or storage of libelous information or the misuse of accurate data? What "innocent" agencies collaborate with government spies in furnishing data? We know that school systems, colleges, welfare agencies, and other social service institutions have made their own files available to the police and other government investigators. What protections does a student or a welfare client have against misuse of his confidential records?

To expose the surveillance activities of the military is vital, but unless the Congress concerns itself with all the other interlocking agencies it will have achieved little more than trimming one of the tentacles of a growing monster. It hardly needs to be said again that covert military surveillance of domestic political activities is dangerous, but it is almost as dangerous if it is done by anyone else. Nor should it have to be said that Constitutional rights and liberties in this country mean nothing if every bureaucracy and every police agency with a bug or a computer can spy on citizens at will. The issue is not whether a particular investigation might be useful or a particular dossier an asset; the issue, in an open society, is whether the reasons for surveillance and the collection of dossiers, however "benign," are so critical, so imperative, as to offset Constitutional protections against illegal search and against the infringement of political and personal liberties.

Judging by the history of the Army's involvement in domestic espionage, it will be hard enough to curb invasions of privacy by even the most obvious violators. Yet clearly Congress—if it has the will—can make a start, and that is to expose the extent of this invisible intrusion. We have—at least in theory—never had a national secret police. It would be fatally ironic if we were to create its equivalent in hundreds of different agencies playing espionage. It would be even more ironic if Constitutional liberties—which we once assumed would stand against any attempt at tyranny—were replaced not by demagogues or dictators but by technicians "preserving order" with machines. —PETER SCHRAG.

Soundstage

by Ruth Berman

High walls dark out on the rise
To a presumed ceiling
Where silences thicken,
High above the catwalks
Where men walk upon
The lights high above the bright-lit
Make-believe ringed
By twilight darkening out
To the presumed walls.
Within the lit globe stand
No ones.
No look, no drawn nor slacked muscle,
No edging in the voice lets in
Minds of men who, if there, might be
Hungry, sleepy, or inappropriately passioned.
They are shut out of the globe into some
Rabbithole space or time
Of the mind,
Nor are the fictional ones personated there,
There,
Only the bodies moving in the light,
Bright dust-motes dancing on chalkmarks
Within the globe
Within the twilight
Within the unseen walls.

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Letters to the Editor

U. N. Safety Valve

RE: N. C.'s editorial "President Kennedy and the Russian Fable" [*SR*, Jan. 9].

In this unhappy day when it has become fashionable in certain cocktail circles to belittle our great former President John F. Kennedy, and when a former Soviet Premier, despite his obvious temptation to bias, becomes in a popular magazine an "authority" on what happened in the Cuban missile crisis, it is encouraging to find an editor of stature who will speak up for our war hero and martyred leader.

That Kennedy was a diplomat and a statesman of the first rank is well attested to by the interesting story of how he persuaded Khrushchev—with the help of Gromyko, of all people—to abandon his insistence on the "troika" idea, which would have wrecked the United Nations, after the death of Dag Hammarskjöld.

There is nothing profound in the current talk that the United Nations is all right as a kind of international Red Cross but that it always fails politically. I submit that this isn't so. The United Nations is of value politically almost all of the time. Sometimes it rises to greatness. Let's look again at the Cuban affair:

The nuclear giants were glaring at each other, daring each other, over their weapons of world destruction. Was there any way that the incineration of the human race could be averted without either side's losing face? There was—and this is where President Kennedy's wisdom in turning to the United Nations came in. World opinion was focused on the world organization. Could it rise to the crisis? It did. By the United Nations' permitting each side to back down gracefully—back down just a little, but back down just the same—World War III may very well have been avoided.

No one knows for sure, of course, what would have happened if one side or the other had not yielded a little at the moment of truth, but I, for one, thank almighty God that there was a United Nations to turn to when all humanity was in peril.

Now the world is approaching another crisis, in the Middle East—is in one already, in fact. Is it too much to hope that the world organization may prove again its absolute indispensability to peace by serving as a safety valve? I think it isn't.

PALMER VAN GUNDY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sexual Togetherness

FAUBION BOWERS's article "The Sexes: Getting It All Together" [*SR*, Jan. 9] is hilariously entertaining. Isn't it time we stop "de-sexing" society and start "sexing" it? Isn't it time we stop using sex as something from which to gain selfish prestige and money?

Why don't we push for sex education programs in our schools and churches that will teach our young people self-respect and respect for others as well as responsibility for self and others; and for sex education programs for adults offered through churches, doctors, and clinics?

Also, why don't we put romance back into man-woman relationships and companionships, as well as teach our children the definition of love?

LORENA LOUISE MILLER,
Bloomington, Ind.

WHAT PEOPLE like Faubion Bowers do not seem to understand is that man and woman were placed on this earth for a purpose; they were not made to be completely equal, each sex having its own particular qualities. What is so enjoyable about men holding hands with other men? Likewise, women? I have always admired women, and I always want women to admire me.

If unisexuality does become the proper way of life for our country shortly, I see no reason to live in this society any longer. The Women's Liberation movement definitely has made a large dent in the separation of the sexes. Patricia Sexton's book *The Feminized Male* (briefly mentioned in the article) certainly tries to show by the author's numerous, tedious, unreliable statistics that men are all bad. Mrs. Sexton's husband wondered why his wife wrote such shocking, so-called factual statements about the male sex. Apparently, women, according to Mrs. Sexton, are the superior sex. How can anyone say any sex is superior to the other?

Shall we all be women, or shall we all be men? I would very much prefer a continuation of this close male and female relationship. If we could practically eliminate much of this resistance for each sex toward the other, we could have that close relationship.

ERIC SANDELL,
Kansas City, Mo.

THE Stein-Leventhal syndrome, as referred to by Faubion Bowers in his recent article, has nothing to do with man or his masculinity, or with predicting hairiness or lack thereof. It is an observed association of polycystic ovaries with infertility in certain women, usually accompanied by increased body and facial hair (hirsutism). The syndrome, like some other phenomena to which Mr. Bowers alluded, illustrates the relationship of plasma levels of testosterone and facial and body hair together with scalp baldness.

MARK ALLEN EVERETT, M.D.,
University of Oklahoma Medical Center,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

FAUBION BOWERS's recent article was "all together," but his geography was not: Culver Military Academy is in Culver, Indiana—not Virginia.

GAY CHAPMAN,
New York, N.Y.

Of Poets and Politics

RE: John Ciardi's "Tour of Duty" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Dec. 19].

At our house, the consensus is that Ciardi's *accensus* makes good sense. It is an unfortunate fact that a poet does not a politician make, and governments are run by politicians. (Which is why things are in the mess they are.)

MRS. ANGELA MCEWAN,
Temple, Tex.

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Life Carved to a Pointed End

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

COLLECTED POEMS 1916-1970

by Conrad Aiken

Oxford, 1,049 pp., $15

A world of swingers, teen kings, "youth cultures," a world of worry about growing old—is there a chance that, in a scene like this, ripeness could still be all? There is indeed, and no American literary career of the age confirms that truth more persuasively or affectingly than Conrad Aiken's.

Born in Georgia in 1889, Aiken began publishing poems sixty years ago, and in the decades thereafter produced thirty volumes of verse, five novels, five collections of stories, a play, an essay or two in lit crit, and a volume of autobiographical ruminations (*Ushant*, 1952), not to mention anthologies and other ventures in editing. He was at Harvard with T. S. Eliot and "all that crowd." He was into Freud, as the phrase goes, years before most of the littérateurs who became heroes by exploiting psychoanalytical thought. Themes inherited from Baudelaire—crowd life, the contours of mass urban sensibility—turned up in his poetry just as they were surfacing in Eliot's "Preludes," and periodically reappeared in Aiken's later books—*Brownstone Eclogues* (1942), for one. And some of the richest early-modern probings in the "field" of personal identity and search-for-self—items that conceivably could have a play among contemporary self-hunters, were they to be rediscovered—are found in certain "symphonies" Aiken wrote in his twenties, as well as in the major works of his mid-career. (See, in the present volume, the series of long poems grouped under the title "The Divine Pilgrim.")

But although everyone literary knew of Aiken, and although his preoccupations were by no means remote from the intellectual core-interests of the time, fashion shrugged him off. Certain individual poems had—and are still having—a minor run. Lads young and old who need to speak a lover's despair tend to find their way to "Discordants":

> Music I heard with you was more than music,
> And bread I broke with you was more than bread. . . .

People who see themselves as locked in an "impossible relationship" contrive to be succored by "Episode in Grey":

> And now, you say, we cannot move apart . . .
> The minutes, the hours, the days we wove together
> In a mesh of pain have bound us, heart to heart:
> We strain in a tender hatred, wondering whether
> The hurt we do will hurt the other more,
> Or more ourselves. . . .

A number of other "love poems"—in *The House of Dust* (1920), *John Deth* (1930), and subsequent volumes—whose temper sorts well with late twentieth-century frustration find readers now and again.

On balance, though, it's correct to say that this poet's life has been something other than an embarrassment of adulations. Aiken himself is often amusing on this subject. When he was turning fifty, he wrote to Malcolm Cowley about the treatment of his most recent book, noting that one "interesting comment" of reviewers was

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which, *Surviving the Seventies*, will be published on March 26.

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"to the effect that *only recently* have my books been badly treated—tacit assumption being that the earlier ones weren't. *That* line might be described as the theme song of my career. Each new book is panned—but in the background is the implication that all the previous ones were good." And, he added, "At any given moment in the Pegasus Sweepstakes, in whatever Selling Plate or for whatever year, this dubious horse has always been the last in the list of the also-ran,—he has never even placed, much less won, nor, I regret to report, have the offers to put him out to stud been either remunerative or very attractive."

The reasons for the neglect aren't so far to seek as might be supposed. They have to do partly with this poet's reluctance to break with certain nineteenth-century conventions of sound and posture. The dominant taste, during Aiken's career, has favored the dramatic and the downright, the colloquial and the commonplace, the swift and the suggestive, the hard and the concrete. And Aiken has often flown against it, writing heavy music, laying out gorgeous sound, providing no clear "speaker," no definable "dramatic situation," and pruning no modifiers. His protagonists often go tripping in insubstantiality:

> Hissing cymbals clashed
> Scarlet and green together writhed
> in darkness
> Billows of saffron rolled against the
> darkness. . . .

More than a few poems sound like T. S. Eliot Swinburnizing (overweary disenchantment), and when irony of circumstance figures in the equation, the effects are seldom as crisp as in Hardy. And always Poe (too much music) or Browning (too much chat) or someone equally inconvenient seems about to pop up on his page.

And in the early and middle years there's an even deeper problem than super-fidelity to a disliked past. It is just this: Aiken's interest in moral analysis. (Another mode of Victorianism? Perhaps.) The poet's ambition to understand the phenomenon of self-making led him toward psychology but could not free him of "ethical" concern. He was caught up in the labor of unrelenting self-study, ceaselessly preoccupied with the moral content of acts of self-creation. His poetry over and over again communicated a sense of profound private grappling with problems of vanity, of self-display, of "insincerity," of manipulative gesture and deed. One intensity of self-watching—or of sternly rigorous judgment—followed another. At their worst, conflated with voluptuous disillusionment, the poems thus produced gave back nothing but a sense of a closed world, tight, kinky, conscience- and consciousness-cursed. At their best they yielded grave, superbly chilled moral essays in self-inspection:

> And look and remember well, as with
> an actor,
> how each moment is that brilliant and
> particular
> stepping forward from shadow to the
> stage
> where all will be seen; the lights are
> beneath you
> and beyond the lights the crowd, a
> silence;
> so that the flexing of your knee is
> noted;
> the arch of your hand, or the turn of
> your cheek
> burned away from you as soon as seen.
> The eyelid droops only to be torn from
> you;
> your smile, your tears, your heart,
> exist only to be devoured. Courage
> must bear you swiftly, each moment
> must carry you
> to the next safe gesture: each
> expression
> must take you quickly from the last,
> it is a race
> with anonymous hatred and
> innumerable eyes.
> What you were, they have eaten, and
> already
> they eat what you are. You must hurry
> like a magician from trick to trick;
> the smile
> is flung like a handkerchief, the frown
> is dropped
> rapidly to take its place, next you
> must turn
> with a dancer's grace, angrily
> stoop to tie a shoelace, or else again
> stand with your finger to chin as in
> thought.
> It is all seen, it is all eaten, nothing
> escapes that mouth of hungry light,
> only
> the extreme of agility and practice
> will find you
> a safe exit into the wings.
> If applauded, perhaps you have been
> a practiced actor;
> swift in mimicry, an adjustable ape,
> quick as a typewriter or a telegraph,
> and perhaps no better. If received in
> silence,
> it may be that you were an honest
> man.

But it was not possible, either with the best or the worst, to imagine what the issue of this muscular self-wrestling might become—not possible, that is to say, until Aiken produced, late in his sixties, a series of poems that stands as a kind of answer. (The important volumes are *Sheepfold Hill*, 1958, and *The Morning Song of Lord Zero*, 1963.) The work in question springs forth—suddenly, yet on a wing of reason—from somewhat airless self-scrutiny into an outer world at once radiant and weighty with historical, social, domestic, and natural fact. Implicit in it—present for purposes not of indulgence or extenuation but of truth—is acceptance of the limits of self, the limits of "personal responsibility." A long poem called "The Crystal" tells the story. In the course of naming the kind of significance the isolated self is capable of knowing, this meditation moves between two centers in time and space: the living room of a present-day Cape Cod farmhouse on toward evening, a galley in the ancient world in which the mathematician-artist-philosopher Pythagoras is imagined "hushing west on the sea." (The structure, though not the sound or argument, will remind some readers of Eliot's *Quartets*.) There are also two centers of feeling, two analogous moments of human "admiration."

In the first of these moments Pythagoras as a child watches his father, the genius gem-carver Mnesarchos, bring into existence by knowledge and art—more by magic than anything else, as the boy perceives it—a perfect figure out of a bit of stone:

> you watch him at work,
> yourself still a boy, and both silent:
> the emerald held in a vice, then the
> green
> ice of the clear stone gives up its
> goddess,
> the tiny wave bears up its Venus,
> green foam
> on the brow and the shoulder . . .

The poet reads the carver's motions as continuous in some sense with all natural aspiration, all spontaneous action. The deed belongs less to a particular self than to the whole of time and the sum of life, "the forever-together, ourselves but a leaf in the fountain of tree. . . ." The carver's name, nature, interests, anxieties vanish in the unwilled, unconscious freedom of the act of creation:

> Design shines implicit in the blind
> moment
> of self-forgetful perception: belief is
> steadfast
> in the putting forth of a hand, as in
> the first
> wingbeat, or extension of a claw. . . .

The other moment of admiration is, on its face, flatter and homelier—far removed from the triumph of craft, "the crystal self-shaping, the godhead

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designing the god." But, like the first, it is a moment of self-transcendence. It occurs as family drinks are mixed and poured in a living room:

At seven, in the ancient farmhouse,
cocktails sparkle on the tray, the
careful answer
succeeds the casual question, a
reasoned dishevelment
ruffling quietly the day's or the hour's
issue. . . .

People close to each other converse (the context in uncanny ways summons to the imagination comparable domestic rituals from forgotten times, controlled easings of fixed relationships), and there is kindness in the room and human connection—or breaks that are at the worst readily repaired. The intimacy, the pleasure, the "reasoned dishevelment" tease away belief in the reality of the borders of selves and generations:

Our lives, those we inherited, of which
none can claim ownership in fee
simple, but only
a tenant's lease, of unpredictable
duration,
rented houses from which have
already departed perhaps
those others, our other selves, the
children:
ourselves in these on our way beyond
death
to become the undying succession of
inheritors:
these and other aspects of the
immortal moment
glow into consciousness for laughter
or tears,
an instant of sympathy or
misunderstanding, an exchange
of human touch or tact, or agreement,
soon silent.

Dwelling on the self as, in the end, a rented house, the poet is given what he imagines Pythagoras before him to have been given—a moment of firm knowledge that holds a man like a law:

. . . here, as in the silence, too,
that follows,
like the peacock's eye of shadow
round the lifted candle,
is the tacit acceptance of death. . . .
We shall not be here
to pour the bright cocktails, while we
listen
to the throb of migrant wings in the
night air,
the chorus of departing voices, the
bells from the bay;
and yet, brother Pythagoras, like you,
who still set your sail this night to the
west,
we too shall be held so. After our
deaths
we too shall be held so. And thus,
brought together.

Laid out patly, as a simple excursion on the theme of the immateriality of self, "The Crystal" inevitably loses force as an experience. It's true that the poem grows in the mind partly because of knowledge of the poet's past, partly because it represents a *meditated* step beyond self—a release earned as few releases ever are earned. But the prime source of authority lies in the quality of Aiken's attachment to and celebration of the stuff of ordinary life. There is a superb contest in this poem between personal memory, personal feeling for home places and home things, and the desire to conjure up these things in terms that show them forth as Everyman's. And the contest is won. Aiken's journey toward a remembered home is kinder, fuller in feeling than Frost's in "Directive"; it is inclusive and open in the manner of hypothesis, never pushes the reader away with private self-protective ironies, never hides out in rose-garden mysteries. We have our attachments and yours are mine, says the voice, as mine are yours; our acts of admiration are our meaning; a world of simple truth exists, despite all complexity of vision and response. We must be on guard, of course, against unearned simplicity—and against overspecificity, as well, especially in the matter of attachment to natural things, to

the little hooked claws, bent down,
of the clover:
the white geometry, in clearest
numbers,
of those little asters, or asterisks, the
snow.
Samples, examples!
And perhaps too concrete.

But the very voice of feeling can speak. We can find the "objects," the shapes and colors, that waken awareness beyond the merely personal, even though the ground is "only" individual memory. It is the welling of a superbly even-toned, judicious love—patient and perfectly relaxed, "impersonal" yet full—for the stuff of a man's domestic life, the "admirations [that] come early" and don't end, that braces this poem and many another of Aiken's later years. And the effects are extraordinarily moving:

Easy enough, it would be, to find in
the darkness
the familiar roadside, the shape of a
known tree,
and then, how naturally, alas, the
faded signpost
stuck in the sand: and on it to make
out with joy
the names that point homeward. And
easy enough
to fly then as the bee flies, to home as
to hive.
And arrived there, to find the door
open,
the fire on the hearth, the pot on the
trivet,

the dish on the table—with a red rim—
for grapes,
and the ripe blue cluster; to feel with
one's foot
the slope of the floorboard, and on it
the scars
ridged by the adze; the shelves bright
with bowls,
and the floor bright with mats, and
the walls
bright with pictures. And then, to lift
gently
the one thing most loved: as if in this
thing
one could best hold them all. And
thus, it might be
a spoon from one's childhood: a shell
of thin silver,
a handle shaped like a tiny brick
chimney,
atop of it, perching, a dwarf with a
horn,
a curled horn tilted to heaven.
In this,
to achieve the resumption, the chained
implication,
backward, then forward, of the whole
of one's life.

"The Crystal" belongs, to repeat, to the poet's old age; Aiken's *Collected Poems* (1953) came out years before *Sheepfold Hill, Lord Zero* ("A Letter from the Grass" and "Waking in the Morning" are among the splendid pieces in the latter volume), and *A Letter from Li Po*; since it is said that the poet does not intend to publish more verse, the book at hand—*Collected Poems 1916-1970*—amounts to the full testament. Praising this or any work for ripeness is, admittedly, a risky game for the unripe. ("Nothing is more inadequate," Goethe said, "than a mature judgment when adopted by an immature mind.") Yet it seems clear to this reader—not exactly a kid—that the most valuable poems by Conrad Aiken testify unequivocally to the dependence of comprehensive human knowledge on meditated experience, self-siftings that purify irony of mockery and cross-light despair with attachment. The meditating is slow work and often yields nothing but vacuous good cheer. But when it goes well, as in the later poetry of the tenant of "Sheepfold Hill," the result is a gift beyond pricing: an image of true attainment (music as wisdom, wisdom as music), life carved to a pointed end.

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THE BATTLE STALIN LOST:
Memoirs of Yugoslavia, 1948-1953

by Vladimir Dedijer

Viking, 341 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Saul K. Padover

■ Vladimir Dedijer's central theme in *The Battle Stalin Lost* is the historic struggle that took place after World War II between two communist countries, both Slavic, one of which made every effort to dominate, crush, and absorb the other. The subject—Kremlin imperialism—is of intrinsic importance; it is treated here, however, not with historical detachment but from a personal angle, with Dedijer, a journalist and biographer of Tito, writing as a "participant-observer." The book is based on his diaries, conversations, observations, and personal experiences. This personalism, with its emotional overtones and confusions under pressure, sheds considerable illumination on the communist mind—which is probably not what the author intended.

One of the ironies of *The Battle Stalin Lost* is that, although Dedijer is a communist and deals with a communist situation, his dramatic case report contains no Marxist theory—no reference to economic determinism or the materialist interpretation of history. The book, which is for specialists, records only the cruel egoism of a manic and murderous Red tsar determined to assert control over the communist world. Stalin achieved his aims in Eastern Europe. Dedijer quotes Tito, speaking at the Sixth Congress of the Yugoslav Communist Party in November 1952:

> . . . These brutal methods of destroying people, primarily the leaders, in the smaller national republics, were used by Stalin and his associates to bring those peoples under the yoke of Moscow's hegemony. Stalin also gradually liquidated all the old Bolsheviks of merit, not only removing them from their posts but doing away with them physically.

In Yugoslavia, however, the Stalinist program of subjection ran into obstacles that ultimately defeated it. The main problem was the character of the Yugoslavs, and especially of their revolutionary leaders, as personified by Tito. Steel-tested in the terrible sufferings of the German occupation, they were unutterably brave, tough, independent, and passionately proud of their nationality and their heroic struggle against Hitler. They were also idealistic communists, with an anti-fascist bias, a strong humanism, and a hatred of tyranny. The Russians, particularly the communist bureaucrats whom Stalin sent to Yugoslavia in 1944 and 1945, were not imbued with such idealism; these "experts" were merely instruments of tyranny. Moreover, they did not understand their fellow-communists in Yugoslavia. Dedijer reports in his book:

—*Sovfoto*

Tito signing Treaty of Friendship in April 1945 while Stalin and Molotov (right) look on—"The main problem was the character of the Yugoslavs."

> They insisted on bossing the people. They were especially annoyed at the evident equality among the peoples of Yugoslavia—something which radically differentiated Yugoslavia from the Soviet Union—and all of them, from top to bottom, attempted to provoke distrust and dissension by asserting that the Serbs, as the largest nationality in Yugoslavia, should play the same leading role as the Russians in the Soviet Union.

Stalin apparently also feared that the Yugoslav example of democratic federalism might infect the Soviet Union and other multinational East European countries. Dedijer illustrates Stalin's thinking, and bloodthirsty nature, by an anecdote. At a dinner in the Kremlin on May 27, 1946, attended by Tito, Rankovic, Kidric, and other Yugoslav (Croat, Slovene, Serb) leaders, the Russian dictator, jovial from vodka, turned to Kidric and exclaimed: "Hey, you Slovene you, I am a pure Serb!" Kidric raised his glass and answered: "I am a pure Slovene!" "Well, you Slovene," Stalin continued, "how many Slovene bourgeois did you kill?" To which Kidric replied: "Only as many as was absolutely necessary. Not one more, not one less!" Here, in a nutshell, we see the difference between Stalinist Russian communism and the Yugoslav variety.

"What the drunken master thinks," Dedijer writes of Stalin, "the sober servant does." Stalin and his agents used five interrelated techniques to topple Tito and take over Yugoslavia. One was what Dedijer calls "silent strangulation," that is, direct pressure applied to Yugoslav leaders. Another was provocation of conflict inside the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party through the dissemination of "black propaganda" and threats against Tito. "As soon as I move my little finger," Stalin was quoted as saying, "Tito will be thrown out." A third method was a general ideological excommunication (this is the *mot juste*, for communism *is* a species of secular theology) of the Yugoslav Communist Party from the world communist movement. To this end, Stalin wrote presumably confidential letters to the Yugoslav Central Committee, distributing them among all communist parties everywhere, to bring pressure on Yugoslav comrades to oust Tito as a counter-revolutionary. A fourth means was public anathema by the Cominform. At the meeting of the latter in Bucharest, in June 1948, the Yugoslav Communist Party was officially execrated. Finally, when all the above steps proved futile, Moscow undertook an all-out economic

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blockade against stubborn Yugoslavia.

But neither Russian threats nor communist intrigues nor phony Red accusations and lies nor pejorative anathema in the name of the so-called "revolutionary conscience" achieved Stalin's purpose. A number of Yugoslavs, shaken in their communist religion by the hostility in the Kremlin, wavered and quaked, but Tito's Yugoslavia in general withstood the onslaught. Stalin might have tried armed aggression, but, Dedijer remarks, he could not be sure of the outcome—whether it would remain a mere local war or become "a worldwide conflict." For the Kremlin had to reckon with America. It is possible that Yugoslavia was, in the last analysis, saved by Truman's cold-war policy of "containment."

Relief from anxiety and fear did not come to Yugoslavia until Stalin's end. Early in March 1953, when news arrived that the Russian dictator was on his deathbed, Dedijer was visited by his friend Milovan Djilas, the powerful vice president of Yugoslavia (who was expelled from the Communist Party in 1954). Dedijer asked Djilas what he would give him for being the first to tell him the "glad tidings." Djilas took off his gold wristwatch, a present from Tito, saying: "Tito won't be angry if I give you this watch, because the news is really big." When word reached the streets, Dedijer records in his diary, "faces all over Belgrade were beaming."

Vignettes and anecdotes of this type, although interesting, do not go beneath the surface. Dedijer, currently a visiting professor at Brandeis University, provides no analysis of the essential meaning of communism. He still seems to have ambivalent feelings about Stalin, viewing him as an individual aberration, a man who "sullied the banner of socialism." Dedijer gives no indication that the evil of Stalinism may not have been rooted in Stalin as a person but intrinsically in communism, with its concentration of all political *plus* economic power. Such a concentration, if unchecked by the most careful and extensive legal-institutional devices, under the aegis of free communications media, must always end in tyranny. The Founding Fathers of America were acutely aware of this, and acted upon this principle in their Constitutional structures, with their "checks and balances" and the division of powers. But nowhere has communist political thinking yet reached the eighteenth century. In this, Dedijer's book is no exception.

Saul K. Padover is currently writing a study of Karl Marx.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA SINCE WORLD WAR II

by Tad Szulc

Viking, 503 pp., $14

AN EMPIRE LOSES HOPE: The Return of Stalin's Ghost

by Anatole Shub

Norton, 474 pp., $10

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

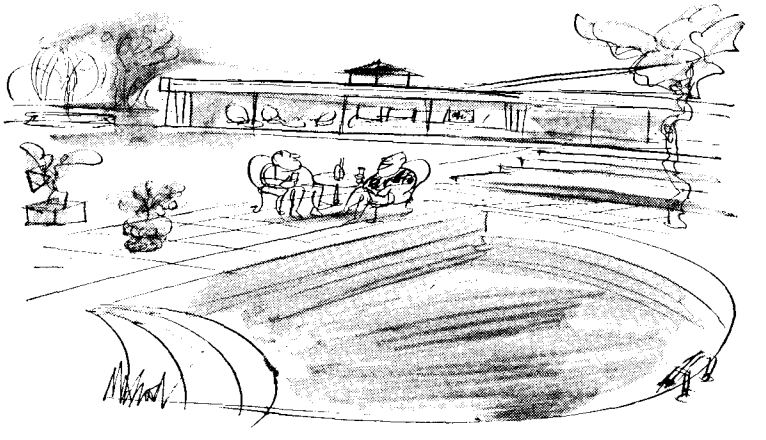
■ Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* and Anatole Shub of the *Washington Post* each tell us more than we want to know and less than we need to know in their respective studies of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe. This is not to say that their books are not useful and entertaining; they are both, sporadically. But they are too long for the general public and too journalistic for scholars. And for the need they fill they are much too expensive, which is not the fault of the authors but of the publishers.

Szulc's analysis of Czechoslovak history from World War II to the present opens with the statement of a theme that runs throughout the book: the Soviet invasion of August 1968 "marked the beginning of a fundamental metamorphosis of communism as we have known it in this century, if not of its ultimate collapse." This is the kind of assertion that at the very least raises the eyebrows of fellow journalists, to say nothing of professional historians. To call the 1968 invasion the "beginning" is to ignore East Germany in 1953, Poland and Hungary in 1956. It is also to treat the symptom as the disease, for it is more likely that the germs of self-destruction of communism are to be found in the USSR itself rather than in its victims.

Szulc himself acknowledges this when he observes that the Czech drama must be "appreciated" in the wider context of "profound changes and nascent movements not only in communist Eastern Europe . . . but in the Soviet Union as well." The author rightly states that the chain of events from the Russian liberation of Prague in 1945 to the invasion of 1968 was "a whirlwind of historical ironies." The most tragic irony, one of the great twists of history, was the fact that Soviet tanks need not have taken Prague in 1945. "It could have been, instead, the American tanks of General George S. Patton's Third Army, and then the postwar history of Europe might have been written altogether differently."

This reviewer, who was in military intelligence at the time, can confirm Szulc's assertion that Patton was near enough to take Prague but was stopped by Eisenhower under Soviet pressure, despite Churchill's warnings and pleas for action. That history would have been different had Czechoslovakia been liberated by the Americans rather than the Soviets is incontestable. The Czechs have been abandoned many times in their sad history as the "Lone Man of Europe": by France and England in 1938, by the United States in 1948 and 1968 (though the situation was hopeless in the last two cases). But, as Szulc points out, the Czechs also abandoned themselves through indecision and unwillingness to accept the consequences of resisting Soviet invasion as the Yugoslavs and Hungarians had done.

Szulc describes the essence of the "Prague Spring"—"Socialism with a Human Face"—as a "true twentieth-century revolution" that "undertook to wed socialist concepts of social economic justice with the West's traditions of political, cultural, and scientific freedom. . . . Human socialism, then, was the philosophy of the Czechoslovak revolution." Szulc insists that



"There I was, starving in a cold-water flat struggling to write the great American novel when I got an inspiration—why not write the great American con letter instead?"

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this was an illustration of an "East European renaissance" only temporarily interrupted by Brezhnev's tanks. "[The] spirit of the Prague Spring is far from dead, and the Soviet Union has been unable to solve the fundamental problem it faces not only in Czechoslovakia but in all of Eastern Europe. . . . The profound meaning of all this is that, no matter what their power, the Russians can never feel secure in Czechoslovakia."

Anatole Shub, watching the same events from the perspective of Moscow as well as Prague, writes that "the week of August 21-27 constituted the empire's gravest shock since 1956, in some respects an even greater shock than the intervention which crushed the Hungarian Revolution." Shub argues that "Brezhnev and his colleagues destroyed within a week the pro-Russian sentiments which had existed among the Czechs and Slovaks for centuries."

The book ranges from the Soviet Union throughout its Eastern European empire, the area Shub calls "The Other Europe." He discusses Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and, of course, the Soviet Union, particularly in its "Jubilee Year." Not much is said about one fascinating country behind the Curtain, Albania, because Shub was unable to visit it, and he wisely decided to confine himself to what he had witnessed firsthand. His book is, he writes, a "personal history," based upon his experiences in East Europe from August 2, 1962, "when I freely crossed the Italian border into Yugoslavia, to the evening of May 23, 1969, when I was compelled to leave Moscow."

Shub, who makes no pretense to scholarship in the area, freely acknowledges his debt to specialists in its historical and cultural background. But he believes he has a contribution to make as a journalist because "the experience of living history is far more complex, mysterious, specific, fragile—in short, human—than any single theory can comprehend." Shub has a sharp eye for events, a sure ear for dialogue, an endless memory for quotes and anecdotes, and a keen nose for news. His book is an excellent primer for general readers who seek a basic understanding of the diverse peoples of Eastern Europe and the mysteries wrapped around enigmas in the Kremlin.

The author's thesis is contained in his title. Shub thought that there was a chance for peaceful, democratic change during Khrushchev's experiment with de-Stalinization, but he now fears that hope is fading in the Soviet empire as a result of the partial re-Stalinization carried out by Brezhnev and Kosygin, and particularly the Soviet push into the Middle East and the rape of Czechoslovakia. He strikes an ominous note when he reports that the Red Army chiefs vetoed a Kremlin decision to appoint civilian Dmitri Ustinov as defense minister to replace Marshal Malinovsky after the old soldier's death, and succeeded in forcing the appointment of another senior marshal, Andrei Grechko. "Never before in Soviet history had the Army been able to dictate the choice of its minister."

An Empire Loses Hope has the wide canvas, brilliant colors, and extraordinary characters of a Brueghel painting. It suffers somewhat from structural faults, and Shub's clichés about Hungarians and Rumanians are painful. But he covers his field adequately and accurately. Unfortunately for Tad Szulc, Shub provides sufficient information about Czechoslovakia to meet the needs of the general public. His is the more useful, readable book.

David Schoenbrun reported European affairs for CBS News from 1946-1964, frequently visiting all the countries of the Soviet empire and interviewing their leaders, including Molotov, Khrushchev, Beneš, Masaryk, and Tito.

THE DEMIGODS:
Charismatic Leadership in the Third World

by Jean Lacouture
translated from the French by Patricia Wolf

Knopf, 300 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ Since World War II, dozens of new nations have emerged from the subservience of colonialism to create a vast Third World—a world arrogantly proud of its freshly-won independence but profoundly insecure in its struggle to meet the overwhelming demands of statehood. Political institutions must be developed, colonial economics overhauled, tribal traditions fitted into modern concepts of government, uneducated masses awakened to a national identity.

These enormous problems have inevitably produced authoritarian governments — actually the domestic counterparts of the colonial régimes that were swept away. The colonial machinery left behind, often the only machinery available to keep anarchy in check, has required authoritarian leadership in order to operate. At the same time, the dangers inherent in such authority have been multiplied by myriad factors: inexperience with self-government, mass illiteracy, the susceptibility of long-exploited people to populist demagoguery.

It is therefore no surprise that charismatic revolutionaries have gravi-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CREATORS' CREATORS

The fictitious characters listed below are responsible for the imaginary literary works (marked L), paintings (P), and musical compositions (M) of Column 2. Jeffry Matthews of Downers Grove, Ill., asks you to credit each creator with his work and with one of the real works in Column 3. If you miss any, consult the card file on page 31.

1. Balthasar Baro ( )
2. John Bidlake ( )
3. Sir Launcelot Canning ( )
4. Martin Eden ( )
5. Basil Hallward ( )
6. Jean-Christophe Krafft ( )
7. Adrian Leverkuehn ( )
8. Arthur Pendennis ( )
9. Charles Strickland ( )
10. M. Vinteuil ( )

a. *Bathers*, P
b. *Clorise*, L
c. *David*, M
d. *Dorian Gray*, P
e. *Leaves from the Life-book of Walter Lorraine*, L
f. *Mad Trist*, L
g. *Marvels of the Universe*, M
h. *The Shame of the Sun*, L
i. *Sonata*, M
j. *The Woman of Samaria*, P

A. *Cyrano de Bergerac*
B. *Dr. Faustus*
C. *Fall of the House of Usher*
D. *Jean-Christophe*
E. *Martin Eden*
F. *The Moon and Sixpence*
G. *Pendennis*
H. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*
I. *Point Counter Point*
J. *Remembrance of Things Past*

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tated to power in the wake of the successful rebellions they led against Western imperialism. Jean Lacouture in *The Demigods* perceptively analyzes these revolutionary leaders and their varied megalomaniacal recipes for increasing their power and, quite often in the process, their countries' problems. To illustrate these recipes, Lacouture delves into the minds and motives of Egypt's Nasser, Tunisia's Bourguiba, Cambodia's Sihanouk, and Ghana's Nkrumah.

Significantly, only one of these "demigods"—Bourguiba—still remains in power. Sihanouk and Nkrumah were deposed by their armies while abroad, and Nasser recently died. No charismatic figures have so far emerged to replace any of these men. Thus, Lacouture deals with a revolutionary period that is fading, as he puts it, into an era of dull, gray bureaucracy, run by men more suited to the status quo or to evolution than to revolution.

Yet the gradually vanishing "demigods" have so fundamentally shaped the moods and mores of their countries that no succeeding governments are likely to obliterate completely their residual influence on national life. This book helps the reader to understand the nature and mentality of a newly awakened segment of mankind that may hold the balance of power in a world ideologically torn between the two superpowers and their allies.

The Demigods is not an easy book to read. A semi-academic work, it explores in sometimes tedious detail the psychology and philosophy of men suddenly thrust from obscurity into positions of world magnitude. Lacouture underscores the "godly" aspects of their rule. Nasser, he stresses, used religion to "point the way to self-deification in the pharaonic tradition"; Bourguiba, basing his doctrine "on the two principles of legitimacy and unanimity," regards his mission as that of a prophet; Sihanouk was "a citizen-king, a human divinity," who "moved in both earthly and celestial orbits"; Nkrumah called himself a "Catholic Marxist" and at the same time sought "purification" by bathing in animal blood to please the pagan gods.

Though in each case the leader sought to shroud his rule in suggestions of divine support, none of these men could be compared to rulers of the past, kings and emperors, who claimed even more directly a kinship with God. The outdated sovereign ruled from cloistered palaces, as if from some heavenly realm, completely separated from the people. The new "demigods," on the other hand, have derived much of their power from the people—frightened people thrown into the chaos and

(*Continued on page* 39)

Criminal Record

Fiction

Murder at the Met. *By Fred G. Jarvis. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.* $5.95. You will admit it is not an everyday event when the top star of the Metropolitan Opera Company dies onstage in the middle of a performance. The author is obviously an opera buff who knows his music and the temperamental artists who bring it to life, and he also knows his way around a mystery. The result is great fun on all levels. (P.S. to operaphiles: An added treat in this death-and-diva package is playing guess-who with some thinly disguised real-life characters.)

The Drop of a Hat. *By Ruth Fenisong. Doubleday.* $4.50. Mama is a top Broadway actress, and she's worried sick because her daughter has disappeared. Since the reader is told where and why the daughter is being held prisoner, leaving only a mild curiosity as to how and whether she will get away alive, it all adds up to a lead hat Miss Fenisong is dropping.

Sledgehammer. *By Walter Wager. Macmillan.* $5.95. A man is blown up in his car, and his four World War II OSS buddies get together and head down to Paradise City to avenge him. The writing—unintentionally, one suspects—smacks of camp, or maybe simple corn; but if that doesn't bother you, there's plenty of story here to hold your interest.

Pick Up Sticks. *By Emma Lathen. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. This time out, Miss Lathen (actually two ladies writing under one pseudonym) sends her Wall Street hero, John Putnam Thatcher, on vacation. He is hiking along the Appalachian Trail with his New England crony, Henry Morland, when a body is discovered near Fiord Haven, a New Hampshire housing development still developing. The Wall Street know-how that goes into the Lathen mysteries is, as always, a plus value. However, the way Morland and Thatcher bustle about from suspect to suspect—many of whom incredibly go on with private conversations of the most revealing sort, as if the men weren't there—reduces two characters of dignity to the annoying level of village busybodies.

Don't Go to Sleep in the Dark. *By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott.* $4.95. Frankly, I could go to sleep in the dark or the light with this collection of thirteen stories. There is some suspense, but the payoff in horror just isn't there. Perhaps I've been spoiled by the work of Bradbury, Collier, and Irish; whatever the reason, I find these tales a bit too bland to make me join hands with Miss Fremlin's admirers.

Suddenly One Night. *By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. The scion of one of Connecticut's most illustrious families seems determined to drink himself to death in a little Spanish village. The girl who is sent over to see what can be done discovers that the reason is a woman who had walked out on him. But did she leave, or did something violent happen to her? You'll have to wait a while to find out as the first part of this novel nearly melts away under the Mediterranean sun. But when the authors (a husband-and-wife team) finally get the local color out of their systems and settle down to work, things pick up a great deal.

For Dying You Always Have Time. *By Sally M. Singer. Putnam.* $4.95. Sydelle has abandoned her Hadassah tour of Israel in search of an experience a little more memorable to a spinster teacher from the Bronx. What she gets is herself involved in the Middle East powder keg when she goes driving across the desert to deliver a corpse as a favor to her lover. The writing has charm and a romantic flavor that will please the ladies, also a feeling of Israel. This man, however, found it a bit too chatty at times—but only a bit.

A Guilty Thing Surprised. *By Ruth Rendell. Doubleday.* $4.50. Why did the lovely and gracious lady of the Manor house go for a walk in the woods at night? And who would want to murder so well-liked a woman? Ruth Rendell knows her way around the English countryside just as well as she knows her way around the plotting of a first-rate entertainment. This is a lady whose work it is time to get acquainted with.

Haskel Frankel

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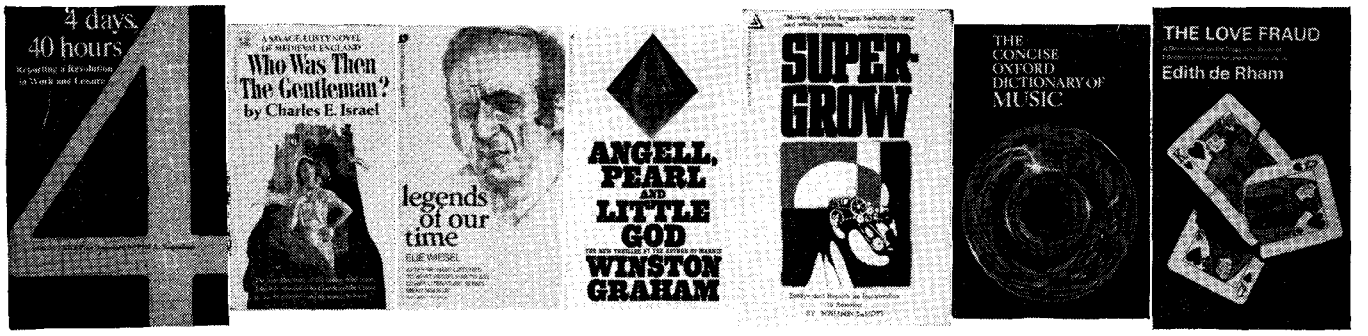

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Let me tell you about the very rich. When one enters the Fifth Avenue apartment of Richard Ney, movie actor turned investment adviser and the author of the best-selling *The Wall Street Jungle* (Evergreen, $1.50), one gets the feeling somehow that he is in the money game. The mood is this year at Marienbad: seafoam satins and Aubussons are reflected in baroque mirrors, while icy chandeliers warm up the Watteau-like screens. Waiting to be announced, one reflects upon the caressing hands that burnished all that mahogany. And wonders in which bibelot to crush out a cigarette. A plump, uniformed woman who looks like a small German dumpling ushers us into a library leathered with Balzac, de Maupassant, Macaulay, and punctuated here and there with silver-framed photographs of Ney at home in Bel Air, California, tanned, smiling, sitting in his Rolls Royce with one arm protecting his favorite Afghan.

In real-life Mr. Ney, just as tanned and smiling, and just as well cared for as his pad, exhudes the confidence of a Harley Street physician. No, he has no regrets about giving up acting. (Best remembered for his role as "Mrs. Miniver's" son, he was also briefly married to Mrs. Miniver, née Greer Garson.) "Both an investment counselor and an actor have to be able to interpret sham," he says. "Of course, the sham on Wall Street is far greater than in Hollywood. There is more sheer larceny per square foot on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange than any place in the world. We have made the stock exchange into a kind of state religion. Actually, it's filled with unmitigated scoundrels, mountebanks, and tinhorn gamblers. Why, they had to pass a law to keep those hooligans from throwing spitballs." No wonder his former colleagues don't speak to him.

Ney, whose own accounts in his Los Angeles office begin at $100,000, thinks a good deal about the little guy. "He doesn't stand a chance. I say to him—stay out. It amazes me that a man would risk his children's education or his old age security in someone else's game." Would a Tuesday night Canasta player take on the Las Vegas sharks?

Sunny, urbane, Richard Ney is a bull (or is it a bear? well, the gloomy one) about the country's financial situation. "There are more similarities than differences between now and 1929. Sure, they say we will have more consumer activity, but we'll have higher taxes, greater unemployment, and a downward market. The middle-income person can expect little more than to pay for his bread because he is gripped in an economy controlled by monopolies." The only tune Ney is humming these days is "He who sells and runs away will live to buy another day, tra la."

Why does he do it—the traveling, the lecturing at campuses, the setting himself up for his old pals' animosity? "I'm fifty-four years old. I can't just add more ciphers to my bank balance. At this time in my life I must stand up against this financial evil, say good-bye to my friends, and, like David, walk up the hill with my sling."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

The publication in paperback of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* is a literary event. Here it is, all seven volumes from *Swann's Way* to *The Past Recaptured*, in the C. K. Scott Moncrieff translation, following a path strewn with *madeleine* crumbs in an atmosphere redolent of hawthorn (Vintage, $1.95 each). Also newly available is Proust's "unknown" novel, *Jean Santeuil*, translated by Gerard Hopkins (Clarion/Simon & Schuster, $4.95), a hastily written, youthful draft, never revised, of his major work. An enterprising young Proust scholar discovered the manuscript, scattered in loose papers and some seventy notebooks in Proust's cork-lined, airtight Paris room; it first appeared in 1952.

Because Elie Wiesel's own concentration camp experience burns in him like a fever, and also because after World War II he was educated in France, he is very much in the European tradition of the philosophical novelist. Yet he has found a serious and devoted American audience. His two new books, just released in paperback, are the surprising best-seller *A Beggar in Jerusalem* (Avon, $1.25), which tries to understand the lightning Israeli victory in 1967 in terms of the Holocaust, and *Legends of Our Time* (Avon, $1.25), in which, while posing ultimate questions about human existence, fact and fantasy blend.

Once you get past the title of Winston Graham's new spellbinder, *Angell, Pearl and Little God* (Bantam, $1.25), you'll find a clever yarn about a portly, middle-aged lawyer, his girlish wife, and a tough little boxer, and their machinations concerned with love and money.

A new twist in the suspense genre is provided by Oliver Bleeck's *The Brass Go-Between* (Pocket Books, 75¢). The hero, St. Ives, is a kind of retriever for interested parties—insurance companies, for instance—and, of course, for a price. The missing object here is a shield whose value is more political than intrinsic. St. Ives makes an offbeat, uncourageous, but wonderfully ingenious hero.

Even the most loyal of Victoria Holt's fans may shudder at *The Shivering Sands* (Crest, 95¢), whose title reminds us of Josephine Tey's much better book *The Singing Sands*. This time a lovely young widow looking for her lost sister starts poking about in some old ruins, and—well, gentle readers, you can take it from there.

Music

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music ($2.95), originally compiled by Percy A. Scholes in 1952 and in this

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second edition updated by John Owen Ward, asserts that Rudolf Bing headed the Metropolitan Opera from 1949. Other sources date the beginning of the régime in 1950. Oh, well, that's what dictionaries are for, I guess. Of Leonard Bernstein, the book, as promised, is concise ("b. Lawrence, Mass. 1918," *et seq.*). Assuming it's got its facts right, a useful book.

There's a good deal more about Bernstein in *New York Times* music critic Harold C. Schonberg's *The Great Conductors* (Simon & Schuster, $3.45). Schonberg appraises such celebrities of the past as Hans von Bülow and Arthur Nikisch, composer-conductors like Wagner, Mahler, and Strauss, and contemporary figures known for their strongly personal interpretations, *e.g.*, Furtwängler, Stokowski, and Toscanini. As for Bernstein, Schonberg finds him by no means an unqualified success, accusing him of excessive showmanship and predicting that since his retirement from the New York Philharmonic his undoubted theatrical propensities may find their ripest harvest in the world of opera.

And that brings us to *The Opera Companion* (Apollo, $2.95), by George Martin, a rambling, informal potpourri. It traces operatic history, distinguishes the various types of voice, provides a glossary that mingles names of singers and technical terms, offers a list of operas with the number of their performances at the world's leading houses, and ends up with an introduction to "Basic Operatic Italian."

John Cage (Praeger, $4.95), edited by Richard Kostelanetz, is a collection of pieces both by and about the pioneer of the contemporary avant garde. Cage takes himself a lot less seriously than some of his disciples. (It's a bit odd not to find here a firsthand appreciation of Cage by the man who probably knows him best, the great dancer and choreographer Merce Cunningham.)

Out of an old curiosity shop comes *Antonio Stradivari* (Dover, $2.25), by W. Henry Hill, Arthur F. Hill, and Alfred E. Hill. A lot of Hills? Yes, and when the book was first published in 1902 its authors were the proprietors of the oldest and most famous violin shop in the world, on New Bond Street in London. Their descendants today, Hill father and son, continue to run the store, and through their hands, both as authenticators and repairers, have passed most of the great extant violins. This labor of love tells the story of the man who (along with Guarneri del Gesù), made the finest stringed instruments in history, and whose secret lies buried with him. Beautifully illustrated.

Woody Guthrie's *Bound for Glory* (Signet, $1.25) is the autobiography of the late great folk singer who died in 1967 after sixteen years' suffering from the degenerative Huntington's chorea. Know what he wrote? "This Land Is Your Land," "Reuben James," "So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh," among hundreds of others that summed up America in the Thirties with a rare compassion. There's a preface by Woody's old pal Pete Seeger. He was lucky in his friends.

Changing Times

If all work and no play made Jack a dull boy, he's going to have a lot more fun in the foreseeable future, according to a new report, *4 Days, 40 Hours* (Bursk & Poor, $5), edited by Riva Poor. It presents all aspects of the four-day week (or, from the worker's viewpoint, the three-day weekend). The essays here by employees, unionists, and representatives of twenty-seven firms that have made the switch to the shorter work week are introduced by MIT economist and former Presidential adviser Paul A. Samuelson. He writes, "This is merely one facet in the steady sweep toward greater leisure and less lifetime toil in a society growing more affluent."

Benjamin DeMott is hard to classify. He's a novelist, an Amherst College English professor, a literary critic, and a man concerned about the society he lives in. *Supergrow* (Delta, $2.25), a collection of essays, selects certain pertinent topics to illuminate our times, such as parents' desire for "superproducts" instead of just plain children, the hysteria about sex lab experiments, student rebellions ("Dammit, like every gang of kids, they won't pick up their mess. . . . But bless them bless them bless them, they did interrupt."). Supergood.

Jeff Nuttall, a young Englishman often connected with the British underground culture, has written in *Bomb Culture* (Delta, $2.25) an annoying, insistent, yet rather appealing interpretation of today's scene. He follows the course of the arts through jazz and pop art and hippie life styles, and views them as youth's opposition to an unyielding society "troubled by anxiety over undefinable guilt, bound by outdated taboos."

Edith de Rham's *The Love Fraud* (Pegasus, $1.95) deals a deft blow to the myth imposed upon women that "*being* is as satisfactory as *doing* and that love is a valid substitute for action." She examines children's programs and day-care centers in Sweden, Israel, and Russia to illustrate how other societies have allowed women to develop intellectually, and explores the idea that motherhood, desirable though it may be, is not by itself a valid way of life, that a more expansive and rewarding career exists for the American woman.

In his authoritative study, *The Children of the Dream* (Avon, $1.50), psychoanalyst and educator Bruno Bettelheim focuses upon child-raising in an Israeli kibbutz, where the traditional parent-child relationship is reordered and a new and freer concept of the family exists. An important book with special, practical relevance for ghetto areas where too many children are neglected.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1bA, 2aI, 3fC, 4hE, 5dH, 6cD, 7gB, 8eG, 9jF, 10 iJ.

"The caricature is only one stage nearer formality than the 'doodle,'" writes Bevis Hillier in *Cartoons and Caricatures* (Dutton, $2.25). Yet this wonderfully varied assortment of sketches with their witty exaggeration tells worlds about the human condition. The drawings range from a sixteenth-century grotesquerie depicting Martin Luther as the devil's bagpipes (reproduced at left) to a bit of James Thurber whimsey.

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THE SWORD OF THE GOLEM

by Abraham Rothberg

McCall, 232 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ A Golem, in the Jewish folk tradition of Eastern and Central Europe, was a kind of humanoid molded from mud or clay and infused with life by the insertion in its mouth or forehead of a slip of paper inscribed with the mystical *Shem*, or ineffable name of God. A Golem was never truly human, however, for it lacked the faculty of speech (and thus of reason), and it was unable to father children.

Though some Golems were no more than robotlike servants, the most famous of them, brought into existence by Rabbi Judah Löw ben Bezalel of Prague (c. 1525-1609), was intended for the higher purpose of defending a harried Jewish community against the depredations of a hostile Christian populace, a responsibility for which it was uniquely fitted by its superhuman strength and endurance and its invulnerability to conventional means of inflicting physical harm.

While at first the Golem of Prague obediently performed its assigned duties, it got out of control after fighting off an Easter attack on the Prague ghetto and ran amuck among the very Jews for whose benefit it had been created. Rabbi Judah was obliged to destroy it by removing the life-giving *Shem*. The dénouement of the legend can be understood as a suggestion that Rabbi Judah had erred, both in usurping the divine prerogative of creating life and by impatiently attempting to bring about in this imperfect world a situation—Jews living in complete security—that can only come to pass in the Messianic era, which will dawn when God's due time has elapsed. The tale also expresses a certain fear of the potential for disorder and evil of man's physical nature when not directed by intelligence and morality.

For *The Sword of the Golem*, a historical novel about Rabbi Judah and the Golem of Prague, Abraham Rothberg imaginatively utilizes insights derived from modern psychology and religious philosophy as an aid in rendering the tale on a realistic plane. In his original and atmospheric reconstruction of the legend, Rothberg also exhibits great familiarity with the life of medieval Jewry as well as a high degree of literary and narrative skill.

Most of the characters in *The Sword of the Golem* are drawn from history, and many of the incidents in the plot are based on actual events. Other episodes, like the formal religious disputation between Rabbi Judah and the Dominican Brother Thaddeus before the Cardinal of Bohemia—the dramatic center of the novel—are inherently credible and moving because they are patterned on similar happenings that occurred often during the Middle Ages. (In the particular instance, however, of the disputation pictured here some of the arguments require a modern social, economic, and psychological understanding of anti-Semitism and the place of the Jew in Christian Europe.)

Perhaps the most striking feature of Rothberg's work is his humanization of the Golem. Joseph Golem, as he is called in the novel, is treated as a real person with a historical existence as authentic as that of the other characters. At the same time there is always an emphasis on his mysterious constitution, and the circumstances of his origin and death are recounted in full mystical detail.

Joseph Golem, depicted in a manner faithful to the traditional sources yet also as a kind of archetypal, disoriented twentieth-century man, is an agonized and alienated figure who suffers as a perpetual outsider—neither Jew, despite his origin and associations, nor gentile, despite his peasant's build and earthiness; belonging nowhere and with no one; wanting only to complete himself by loving and being loved, and to become what it is impossible for him ever to become, a fulfilled and whole human being.

As an outsider Joseph Golem is also, in some respects, a personification of one possible view of the Jew. He is always insecure and uncertain, he seeks normalization of his status, he rebels against yet accepts his bitter destiny, and he becomes more fully human the more he suffers, a course of development pointed up by numerous allusions to the *Akédah* (the biblical binding of Isaac) and to the Passion of Christ. His relationship with Rabbi Judah is in some ways analogous to that

"Draft me a farewell address along the lines of 'You've been a swell bunch to crusade with and it was all of us pulling together that got the job done.'"

May Sarton

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of Israel with God, as it is also to that of man with God, in the sense that Golem and the Rabbi represent creature and creator.

Abraham Rothberg's profoundly contemporary version of the Golem legend is rich in paradox, in awareness of the mythic dimensions of the Golem idea, and in Jewish color and religious content. *The Sword of the Golem* is a substantial and compelling reading experience and a powerful evocation of the lore and fantasy of a long-gone world, almost all the remains of which have been destroyed in our own century.

Robert J. Milch, an essayist, has long been a student of Jewish history and literature.

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS AND OTHER STORIES

by Spencer Holst

McCall, 87 pp., $3.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Spencer Holst has been called a "goblin" and a "demon," but he writes like an angel. An anxious angel, whose exquisite fiction has the power to move and even inspire people.

In *The Language of Cats*, a collection refined from stories he has told in churches and cafés, he creates brief but startling visions of men who are maimed, lost, and lonely, unwarmed by the cold comforts of a scientific age. The visions are powerful because Mr. Holst is never maudlin: "I am the one come to avenge suicides," a mysterious voice announces midway in the book, and this tone animates some of his characters to resist unnatural death through human love or the love of art.

Most of the stories begin with familiar images: tea parties, chessboards, Siamese cats. The prose surface is often cheerfully surreal: cats talk, a monkey steals the Hope Diamond, a moron writes best-sellers, a Vassar girl winds up as a prostitute in Buenos Aires.

But Mr. Holst is no nightclub Kafka out to convulse audiences by turning the world upside down. The human image, however oblique or fragmentary, controls his art and makes his wildest fancies seem imaginatively probable and coherent. The stories combine intense ironies with delicate, improvisational rhythms, which remind us that these tales were originally spoken. Their graceful resonances make us aware that truly "experimental" writers invent fresh forms to contain new realities.

> Old stars are the only light, and they aren't much help. The stars were great as guides on grander journeys over oceans to discover continents, but when one's problem is immediately not to trip in ruts of uncared-for roads. . .

Mr. Holst doesn't trip because too many men are in those ruts. His varying tones—sober, whimsical, ecstatic—subtly urge his characters to stand up again. Surprisingly, some not only stand but run. In "The Blond Bat" a bartender falls in love with a beautiful, masked girl. They race down New York's Delancey Street, and soon a riotous, approving crowd crowns them "king and queen of the night." In another story, a "maniac" (identified at the end) murders forty-two department-store Santa Clauses. The situation is so grave that the women dress up as Mrs. Santa and distribute toys to children. Before long they are running the world—peacefully. (Don't call Mr. Holst a demon; he's out for our own good.)

Other characters stand, but barely. "The Man Who Was Always Wishing" harbors illusions that reduce him to helpless inaction. When he does act, he slashes his wrists. In "The Music Copyist" a man's drab life is heightened by memories of a "band of angels," a children's concert that turned into a magical performance of the *St. Matthew Passion*, accompanied by ancient shawms and tabors. A story in which no human being appears ("The Hidden Ballroom at Versailles") conveys, through flashing movement and light, the sense of an eternal presence impinging on time, a presence that may be more immediate than men know.

Mr. Holst takes the motto for his book from Edgar Allan Poe's essay "The Domain of Arnheim," an idealized description of one man's search for an earthly Eden. Mr. Holst is more hopeful: he suggests that Eden lies within us. He enforces the suggestion in the eponymous tale of a man who regains his sanity once he stops listening to Siamese cats.

> For there is a language of the cats, but all Siamese cats are crazy—always talking about mental telepathy, cosmic powers, fabulous treasures, spaceships, and great civilizations of the past, but it's all just meowing—they are impotent—just meows!

It's nice to know a writer who prefers people to cats. But angels are like that.

Joseph Catinella is a New York-based editor and reviewer.

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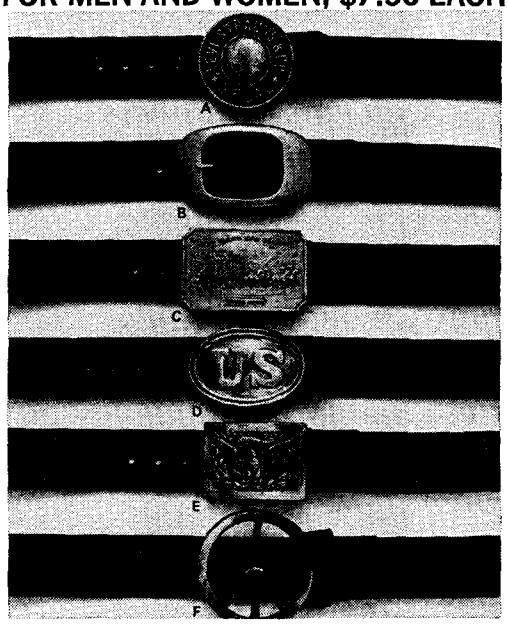

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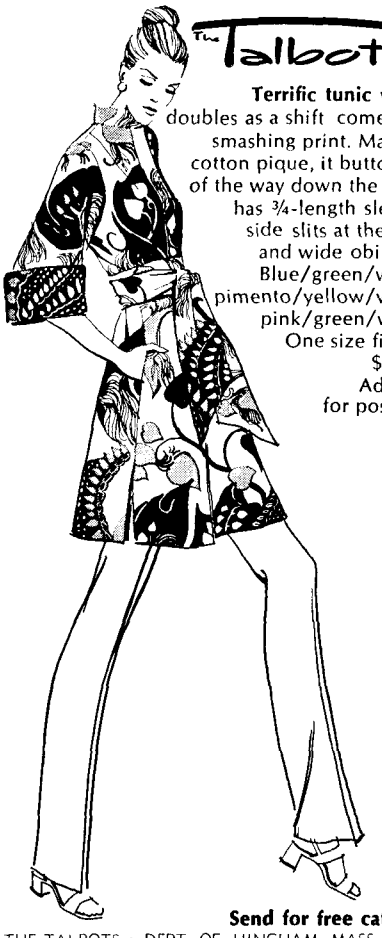

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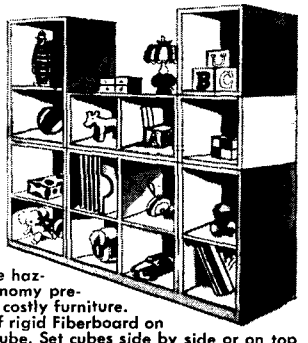

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Letters from Readers

No Sloth

BENJAMIN DEMOTT, in his essay-review of Norman Mailer's *Of a Fire on the Moon* [*SR*, Jan. 16], implies that I am, among other things, one of Mailer's friends who are "foul-mouthed drunken sloths," and "who dance campy attendance on the novelist. . . ."

To begin with, since I am the only friend who is portrayed by Mailer in his book as being drunk, what academic tightening of the brain drove Professor DeMott to the absurd logic that a condition of drunkenness in one man necessarily holds for all of Mailer's friends?

I am, among other things, a working writer—a fact Mailer attested to in his book and one of the many little facts the professor conveniently overlooks. To torque home another small truth then, I do occassionally have a draught or two, with its accompanying uplift of spirits. "Foul-mouthed," yes, at times, behind an excess of liquor. But no "sloth!" And being a "personal" friend of Mailer does not make me a "campy" sycophant attendant on the man. His friendships, as well as my own, are founded on deeper rock, not on the surface slick left behind by trailing critics. If Professor DeMott can't see this, at least as a writer of mediocre novels, then he will eat his own dust as a fool.

Yet what is most confusing in his piece is this: in a total of 472 pages of Mailer's labor I am the subject of four and a half pages, but the idea, "Eddie Bonetti," haunts Professor DeMott's essay with more subtlety of reference than the references he gives to the astronauts themselves. Is it possible that Mailer's metaphoric use of a close friend might hold for the good professor some hidden importance, or some critical truth he couldn't quite put his finger on? Or does he feel that the outlaws are finally at the gates?

EDWARD BONETTI,
Columbia, Mo.

Etiology of Behavior

IT IS HIGHLY UNFORTUNATE that *SR*'s review of Santiago Genoves's *Is Peace Inevitable?* [*SR*, Dec. 19] was assigned to a sociologist and cultural anthropologist—Melvin M. Tumin. Neither of these academic disciplines is particularly qualified to comment upon the etiology of organic behavior—human or otherwise.

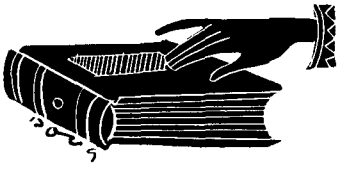
Among other serious oversights, Professor Tumin fails to perceive the biological linkage between those conditions which motivate an organism's conduct and the means employed for the satisfaction of these conditions. The satisfaction of the motivating conditions is the end sought by every organism's active life. The means employed for satisfying the end sought is always some form or pattern of conduct. Whether the patterns utilized are a result of mental calculation or some instinctive design, they are, nevertheless, always to be construed as biological and physical examples of organic operation. There is no functional activity known to science that is not of natural origin. A. L. Kroeber's use of the term "superorganic" is simply an anthropologist's attempt to define natural phenomena that fail to yield their biomechanistic strategy to anthropological theory.

RICHARD DE BOER,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mutilated Gerundive

AS A FORMER LATIN TEACHER grimly clinging to the preservation of accurate use of Latin expressions, may I suggest that in Milton R. Konvitz's review of Lewis Mumford's *The Pentagon of Power* [*SR*, Dec. 19] a gerundive construction has been mutilated? Rather than *"ad restituendas humanitas natus"* should Mr. Mumford not be described more grammatically by writing *"ad restituendam humanitatem natus"*? I assume that Mr. Konvitz wishes to use the word *"humanitas"* in the singular form, in spite of the ambiguity caused by using the plural *"restituendas."*

MARY LOUISE SAYER,
Sidney, Ohio



St. Uncumber

JUST AN INCONSEQUENTIAL NOTE for J. D. O'Hara, who reviewed *Fifth Business*, by Robertson Davies [*SR*, Dec. 26]: There was, in England's pre-Henry VIII days, a member of the saintly crew who *was* named Uncumber. And there is (I think in a church in London, though I am shaky on this) a representation of her which escaped the wholesale destruction of the Thirties (the 1530s). St. Uncumber's job was exactly as reported by Mr. Davies: to get rid of unwanted suitors.

BARBARA BOWDITCH,
Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

Moniker Minutiae

I NOTICE THAT a correspondent (his name escapes me) has kindly pointed out [BOOK FORUM, Dec. 19] that I mistook the name of Dalton Trumbo's hero in *Johnny Got His Gun*, calling him Johnny instead of Joe. The truth is that I can't tell the difference between those names in broad daylight, and I am gratified to learn that there are persons who are willing to keep track of the minutiae of life for me.

EMILE CAPOUYA,
New York, N.Y.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Smashing American Birthday

THE AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE ended its thirtieth-anniversary year (1940-1970) with a smashingly successful season at the New York City Center (the company will be back at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater for its regular summer stand, this time longer than usual).

There were endless delights, stimulations, and illuminations at the City Center, and I found myself going back again and again not because I had to in the line of duty but because I wanted to. No one in his right mind would claim that there was such a thing as a "best" ballet company in the world—be it Britain's Royal, the Royal Danes, the Bolshoi, the Kirov, the New York City Ballet—but the American Ballet Theatre came close to it this past Christmas not only with its astounding repertory (which *is* the best in the world) but with performances so vital that they appeared to be predicated not only upon superb technique but upon a communicable love of dancing.

The acquisition of Natalia Makarova [WORLD OF DANCE, Dec. 5, 1970, and Jan. 16] brought new luster to the company, for she is a truly great artist, and her partnership with Erik Bruhn wrought stage magic, but of no greater potency than that sorcery worked by Bruhn and Carla Fracci. Partnerships breathe romance into the air, even though no offstage romance may exist—Markova and Dolin, Danilova and Franklin, Alonso and Youskevitch, Fonteyn and Nureyev, Haydée and Cragun (the romance here *does* exist), Maximova and Vasiliev, Sizova and Soloviev (husband-wife teams)—but Bruhn and ABT are in the lead with Bruhn-Fracci, Bruhn-Makarova.

Ivan Nagy, like Makarova a defector from a Communist country (for esthetic, not political, reasons), has grown into a *premier danseur noble*; in him, ABT has a major artist, elegant, romantic, virtuosic. He too danced with Makarova (opening night when Bruhn was ill) with enormous success. And is there another partnership in the senior Lupe Serrano and the junior Ted Kivitt, virtuosi I would match with any display-dancers anywhere in the world? Physical prowess but polish too in *pas de deux* from, say, *Le Corsaire* (staged by Nureyev on the old Petipa original) or *Don Quixote*.

Cynthia Gregory added to her range —she can do anything in matters of sheer technique — with a hauntingly lovely Desdemona in the pure modern dance work *The Moor's Pavane* (Limón-Purcell, with glorious costumes by Pauline Lawrence), and in the imperious, wanton, and ultimately pitiful *Miss Julie* (Cullberg, Strindberg, Rangstrom) in which she danced with Bruhn (in magnificent form as the sexy butler who steps beyond his station). Roles such as these are important to Miss Gregory, since she has a tendency to be cool, for they demand that she reveal the inner being.

—*Photos by Martha Swope*

John Prinz, Diana Weber in Smuin's new "Schubertiade"—"wonderfully joyous."

Bruce Marks is, of course, a remarkable dancer. He is equally at home in the classics and in such modern works as the Limón *Pavane* (he plays the tormented Othello) and Limón's *The Traitor* (Schuller), in which he is Judas. In both characterizations, he does honor to Limón himself, the first to dance these great dance-drama parts. Oddly enough, and beautifully, Royes Fernandez, a *danseur noble* with no modern dance origins such as Marks has had, is tremendously effective as Iago and the Christ-figure in these two modern dance plays.

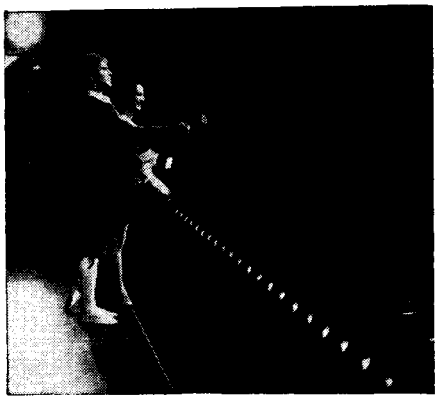
Other principals, such as Sallie Wilson, Mimi Paul, Michael Smuin, and Gayle Young, all have their very special and highly original dance moments, but the American Ballet Theatre is also strong in its supporting players; the lovely Diana Weber; the ebullient Dennis Nahat, with a Syrian profile and a sinuous spine; bright, bouncy, and versatile Terry Orr; the young and gifted John Prinz; Zhandra Rodriguez, as exciting as her name; William Carter, who does everything in dance better than most soloists do their own special thing; and more, more, more.

ABT has always been in the vanguard of choreographic creativity. During the recent season it did not hit the jackpot, but it made valid tries. By far the best of the novelties was Smuin's *Schubertiade* (set to Schubert waltzes). It does, of course, follow Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walzer* (Brahms) of a few years ago and two brilliant Chopin visualizations by Robbins, so the edge has been taken off the genre, but it is gay and winsome, inventive, and, what is important, wonderfully joyous.

Nahat's *Ontogeny* (if you really care, and you shouldn't, get out your dictionary) to music of Karel Husa can best be described by reporting that the company management suggested that all critics repair to the mezzanine to view it because much of it called for the dancers to be flat on the floor. After one seeing, my impulse was to ask for orchestra seating at a location with obscured, or impeded, viewing.

America's great Agnes de Mille, as I reported last week, did not quite make it this time with her *A Rose for Miss Emily* (Faulkner, Hovhaness), but it did bear the mark of a mistress of dance-drama and, with an actress such as Gemze de Lappe as guest dancer, it gave still further proof that ABT can provide the best acting to be found in ballet along with some of the most dazzling *fouettés, grands jetés, tours à la seconde*, and other breathtaking feats that you will find anywhere in the world of dance.

So a final thirtieth-birthday salute to the American Ballet Theatre, to Sherwin Goldman, who heads the fund-raising-forging-ahead Ballet Theatre Foundation, to Oliver Smith, co-director as well as superb designer, and most important to co-director Lucia Chase, who started it all three decades ago and who never lost faith or sight of the vision of her first director, the late Richard Pleasant, who saw "ballet" as "theater."



Ted Kivitt, Lupe Serrano taking a bow after the "Grand Pas de Deux" in "Don Quixote"—"virtuosi."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Sex Life of a Composer

KEN RUSSELL'S *The Music Lovers,* which purports to be a film biography of the life of Tchaikovsky, is showy, shocking, and daring, much the best of that hardly honorable list dealing with the lives and loves of composers. But it is an irritating film nonetheless. It irritates because it truncates events that happened over a long period of time and because it focuses on the more garish of those events, in fact glares on them to such a degree that one is forced to assume that the composition of symphonic masterpieces is dependent upon an unhappy sex life.

Mr. Russell, who presumably has earned the right to have and do things his own way after the success of *Women in Love,* obviously wanted to break the mold in which the lives of composers and other creative geniuses have been traditionally cast. Nothing is barred in films these days, there's no one left to sue, and so what is there to prevent the truth from being told? Russell is apparently fascinated by composers; for BBC-TV he has done documentary studies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, all said to be bold in concept and original in style. I happened to see another he did on Isadora Duncan and found it vastly superior to the feature film made by Karel Reisz.

But I am not as happy about his Tchaikovsky. His choice of Richard Chamberlain to play the unhappy composer is suitable enough. Chamberlain is not unaccomplished as an actor, but he does lack the kind of presence that holds the attention on the screen. And, while he suggests Tchaikovsky's ambivalent sexuality—an effeteness, if that word is still respectable—he shows none of the strength that results in artistic accomplishment.

Precisely what is not present in *The Music Lovers* is the artist, and, if that is missing, then also missing is the *raison d'être* for the film. What we are given is scandal, hardly more edifying than gossip, and hardly more explained. Russell hints at an incestuous attachment for his sister, Sasha; he stresses Tchaikovsky's psychic trauma resulting from his mother's death from cholera, and leaves us to assume, I suppose, that the sight of her nude body during a horrific attempt at a cure accounted for his incapability with women thereafter. This sort of thing is not peering into the dark depths of a soul; it is peeking, and it is lurid.

Tchaikovsky, as we know, was married briefly at the age of thirty-seven; the union lasted two weeks and distressed him enough to cause an abortive attempt at suicide. Russell clearly shows his hand when he devotes a substantial portion of the film to Antonina Miliukova, played by Glenda Jackson, who is far too much of a star to be allotted only two brief weeks in the life span of a composer. Thus, she becomes a parallel story.

This fiasco of a marriage is used to provide the film's most titillating scenes. Nina wants sex along with her marriage and, during her attempts to achieve it with Tchaikovsky, disrobes before him in a train compartment. While she writhes erotically, he shrinks from her in horror. Later, after the marriage has ended, she entertains strangers (while her mother collects the fees) whom she pretends are famous composers, all anxious to give her the love that Peter denies her. Eventually, she winds up in a *Marat-Sade*-type madhouse.

Meanwhile, the best scenes of the film occur when Russell limns the touching relationship between Tchaikovsky and Madame von Meck, who is played with sensitivity and dignity by a Polish actress, Isabella Telezynska. Russell, who is usually overly visual-minded, here restrains himself, and he evokes nineteenth-century rural Russian settings that are all the more remarkable in that the entire film was shot in England. There is plenty of music, of course, some of it accompanied by impressionistic and expressionistic indulgences, such as a head of one of the composer's intimates being shot off at each cannon roar during his conducting of the *1812 Overture.*

While we'll have to give Ken Russell points for daring and unorthodoxy, we'll have to take some away for desecration. I'm still not quite sure whether *The Music Lovers* is a bad good film or a good bad film. Certainly, it *is* something of a mess, and it also has some brilliance. And, regardless of this image of the composer, we can take comfort from the last line of a synopsis of the film provided by United Artists. "Decades later," says this document, "his music still thrives." A song to remember perchance?

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

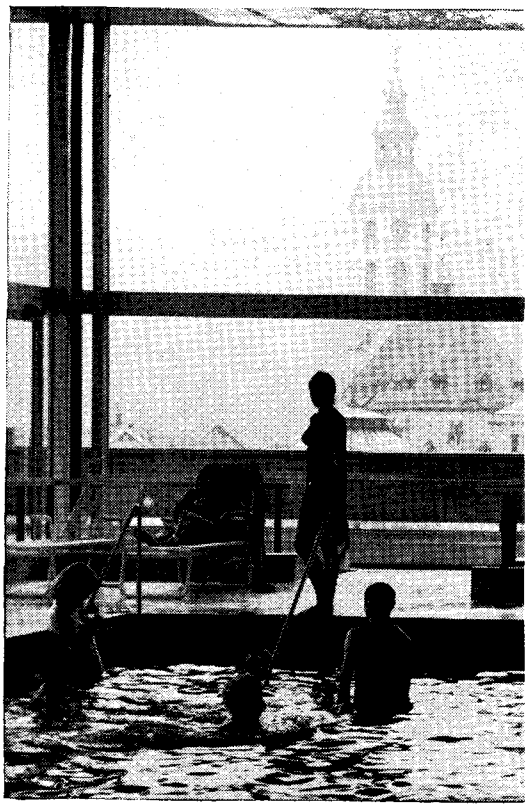
Getting Soothed on the Oos

WOUNDED Roman legionnaires often bathed in the warm waters of the spa in Germania Superior, which was later to be known as Baden-Baden. There is even some historical legerdemain which purports that Caracalla, bruised in a fracas with the rebellious Teutonic tribes and forced to retire for treatment, might well have come here to convalesce.

Today's walking wounded, the overwrought executive suffering from bubbly blood pressure, migraine headaches, and other environmental fallout, is being invited to take Baden-Baden's new Anti-Stress Cure. The frayed, the stressed yearning to be loose can enroll for eight days of the cure for as little as $170 from November 1 to March 1, a price that includes pad, *Bad*, massage treatment, two examinations and a consultation by a doctor chosen from the roster of water curists, and such other balms as daily concerts and quiet reading hours. Right at hand is that handsome bosky avenue known as the Lichtentaler Allee, which has known the royal tread of Europe's princes since Baden-Baden became fashionable in the time of Napoleon III. Burbling alongside is the river Oos, where the trout are so thick they run into traffic jams, and, so a local citizen has said to me, under the bridges you can pretty nearly catch them by hand.

The hotels have their own little bridges over the Oos so their patrons can enjoy the promenades or ride the bridle paths that run along the Allee. In spring the lindens form a canopy and fill the air with perfume. The flowers bloom earlier than they do in Lugano in the Italian part of Switzerland, and the flower beds explode with bright colors all summer. In the late months the dahlia fanciers stage their own show, and the pansies hold on deep into November.

Striding along the Lichtentaler Allee, cantering along its bridle paths, playing tennis on the clay courts, or inhaling its flowery aspects, one can look back across the Oos, not merely to the hotels but also to the villas, many of which are monuments to another day. When Poland had princes, Rumania had rich royalty, and Russia had magnates, the best families maintained permanent residences here, splendid second homes where they entertained the Kaisers and duchesses and the Princes of Wales. Turgenev's villa not far from that of the noble Gagarin family still stands in some antiquated splendor. Wilhelm I of Prussia, later to be Kaiser, had the royal flag raised over the Hotel Messmer each March 22 to indicate he was in royal residence for the season. He was a faithful patron for forty years. Turgenev urged Flaubert:

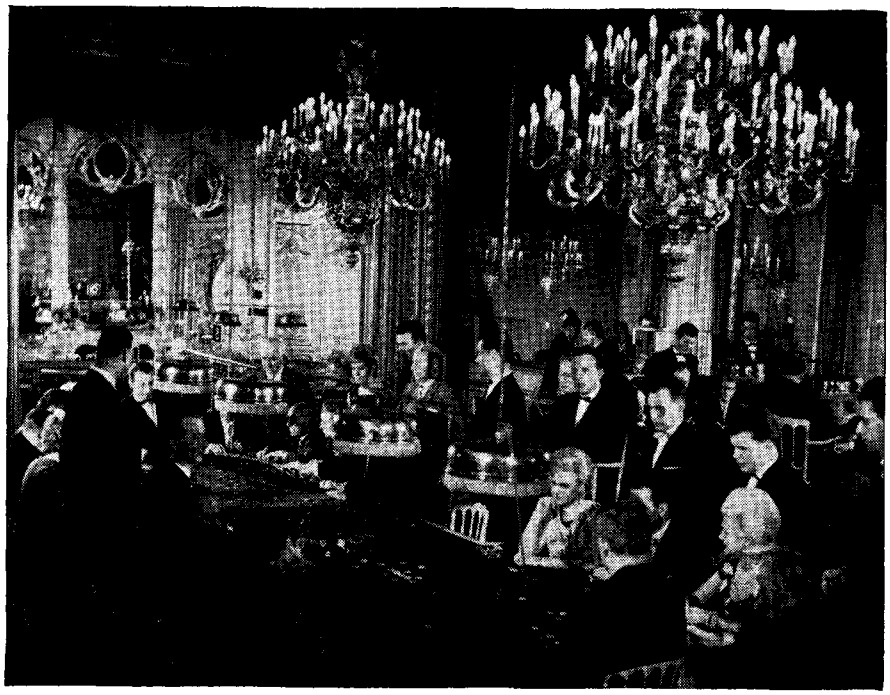


Augustabad—"timing one's sitz bath by the clock in the tower."

"Come to Baden-Baden! Trees I have never seen before grow here." Dostoevsky was soothed by the climate and the scenery. "All the rivers flow to the sea," went a snappy expression of the times, "and all the pretty girls to Baden-Baden."

Only forty miles from Strasbourg across the Rhine, Baden-Baden was a suburb of Paris, and it became, as they used to call it, "the capital of summer." The first French aristocracy arrived as refugees looking for asylum during the French Revolution. As society from the Thames to the Urals discovered the balm of Baden-Baden, the resort took on a French air. The casino was under French direction, the horse racing was arranged by the Jockey Club of Paris. Programs for the season's events and guidebooks to the glories of the watering hole were printed by Hachette in Paris.

Jacques and Edouard Bénazet, the lessees of the casino, were men of means and imagination. They brought celebrated artists to the old Roman settlement at the edge of the Black Forest, staged magnificent operas, and established the Grand Prix de Baden-Baden at the race course. Getting ready for the season of 1870, a hundred years ago, Hachette's guide listed ten Italian operas by the Paris Italian Theater Company, twelve Viennese ballets, nine French comedies to be staged by the Royal Odéon Theater of Paris; the chorus of London's Covent Garden



Baden-Baden's casino—gold chips, dripping crystal, and painted cherubs on the ceiling.

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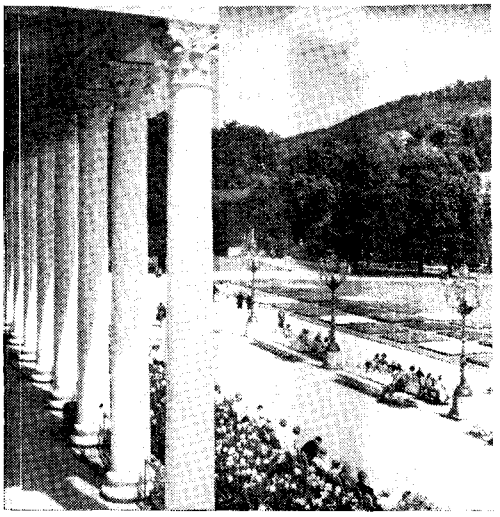
Theater was to sing, and stars were booked from the Royal Theater at Lisbon. But on the day *Il Trovatore* was to have been sung, Strasbourg was bombarded, and it wasn't until the 1880s that the French could bring themselves to come back to Baden-Baden. It all happened over again in 1914 and again in 1939.

Baden-Baden was never scratched in World War II, but the French, with their affinity for the spa, came back and made it their occupation headquarters. Fifteen thousand French civilians are still there living in comfortable surroundings, a circumstance that some Germans find nettlesome. "You remember when people used to say, 'He's living like a lord in France'?" a German asked me. "Well nobody says that anymore. They say, 'He's living like a Frenchman in Baden-Baden.' Here the French have a nice home, a servant, and a dog. When they go back home they'll have to do the barking themselves."

But the French are not the only foreigners about whom the Germans complain. There are also the Italian laborers who eat the singing birds of the Black Forest. The Italians apparently are content to make their own song, and besides, the birds are tasty. Then there are the Turkish laborers who are always getting into fights. Still, travelers are welcome, and even the farmhouses of the Black Forest keep one or two extra rooms to rent. An extra room in the house, the farmers say, is as good as an extra cow in the barn, and when the season is in flower and the tourists begin to arrive, the people in Baden-Baden say, "The cows are moving."

Surely Baden-Baden is one of the few watering holes in the world that has fewer hotels now than it had in other days. There are, nonetheless, at least eighty hotels, pensions, and apartments from which to choose. The handsomest is Brenner's Park, but my favorite names include the 100-room, first-class Waldhotel Fischkultur, the second-class Vegetarische Diätpension, the Gasthaus zum Bratwurstglöckle, and that hotel named with total finality, the Zink.

Brenner's Parkhotel, nearly a century old, is an outpost of spotless luxury, the quintessence of *raffinement* in a world of high-rise crackerboxes. Hanging over the Oos and the Lichtentaler Allee, it dotes on that disappearing European specialty, grand-luxe service. The bath towels are warmed on chrome pipes; a white foot-doily is laid at the edge of each bed; at night the chambermaid will pack and unpack



The Kurgarten—magnolias and memories of Turgenev.

baggage; and the cuisine is superb. The white dining room looks out on the park and the river. During the race meetings of Gala Week, the bar and dining room rustle splendidly with the international turf set in evening clothes, a whiff of Baden-Baden in its headiest days.

Brenner's Villa Stéphanie, next door, is a twenty-six-room jewel descended from the Stéphanie-les-Bains, which the Brenner family bought in 1872. It was named for Stéphanie Beauharnais, Josephine's niece, who was adopted by Napoleon, became a French princess, and married Charles, Grand Duke of Baden. Superelegant, with its own small bar and lounge, newly redone and equipped with more elaborate plumbing in its bathrooms than a fire engine, Villa Stéphanie has single rooms that rent in low season for as little as $25 a day with full board. A splurger could engage a corner suite with its own kitchen and its own awning-shaded terrace for $50 a day with tax and tips. There has been some thought of using it as a refinishing school for ladies suffering from an amplitude of *avoirdupois* in the style of Neiman-Marcus's Greenhouse.

At night, there is the casino, about as stupendous a house of chance as ever existed on the globe. A throwback to the days of the Bénazet regime, it is encrusted with gilt, dripping with crystal chandeliers, fitted with carved lintels, and decorated on walls and ceilings with paintings of cherubs whose innocence is at odds with the blackjack games and roulette wheels in high gear below. To celebrate the centennial of the casino, a Golden Table was established in 1955, and every weekend, in the proper season, real gold and silver chips are used. Minimum stake is 5 Deutsche Mark. Non-players can come and *look* at the casino mornings between 10 and 12—a far less hazardous expedition that can cost only 1 Deutsche Mark, the entrance

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fee. Anybody can come to dine and dance in the casino bar, which, with the new Schwarzwald Grill Room at Brenner's Park, is among the handsomest nests in town.

While Baden-Baden has managed to maintain that well-worn, red-tile, cobbled, old-town look, it has built some stunning modern structures—the rakish St. Joseph's Church, the new girls' school, the Kongresshaus, and, especially, the Augustabad, all glass and marble and chrome. Here at the source, where the Romans took the healing waters, the drinking fountains are inverted marble cones, the magnolia trees seem to burst through the glass walls. Poaching in the three-foot-deep natural warm pool, one can untangle the kinks, soothe the frayed nerves, calm the rheumatism, mend muscles and bones insulted in sports and traffic accidents, and, all the while, time one's sitz bath by the clock in the tower of the old Catholic church looming through the expanse of Thermopane glass like a fussy old great-aunt left over from another century.

There is that constant nagging necessity at a spa to get the good of it while one is there as if it were Ponce de León's fountain, a jeroboam of sparkling Geritol, and a spigot of free *eau-de-vie* all in one. For those who can disentangle themselves from all those hoses, flesh pounders, and mud-pack flingers, Baden-Baden has a sporty little golf course at the edge of town. The greens fees are only $3, practically a pre-Boer War price, and the pro is American. It is the only golf course in Germany with live caddies. The layout doesn't call for power, but it is a hilly links, the greens are stingy, and accuracy is the challenge. The only water hazard is back at the spa.

WIT TWISTER #202

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Three _ _ _ _ _ burst on the
shuttered bungalow
And peered between the
_ _ _ _ _ for deviltry.
The horror that they saw still
_ _ _ _ _, although
They seek forgetfulness from sea
to sea.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 55)

"The Demigods"

Continued from page 29

uncertainty of independence, and willing to accept, or even seeking out, a messenger of God to lead them through the wilderness.

With the exception of Sihanouk, a descendant of kings, each of the "messengers" dealt with in this book has sprung from humble origins, thus enhancing the messianic aura. And each has been a master of oratory, at communicating with his subjects in language they understand. Nor have their philosophies been devoid of idealism and recognition of the need for social and economic progress. Each appears to have come to power not simply to fulfill personal ambition but to help his people rise from the impoverishment and injustices of centuries within a new framework of national pride.

Yet, by and large, they have failed. They have, in varying degree, given their people pride, but pride based mainly on the false and negative symbols of exaggerated nationalism rather than on constructive achievement. In consolidating their power, they have found the Western nations—and, in the case of the Arabs, Israel as well—useful scapegoats on which to blame their failures. And, though the objectives of Soviet anti-West and anti-Israel propaganda may differ from theirs, Third World leaders have considered it politically convenient to associate themselves with such propaganda—as the Kremlin strategists had no doubt calculated.

Moreover, as the author points out, "personified power is not only a threat to the hero's integrity and mental and emotional balance: it also condemns the masses to an impotent state of lethargy . . . . Leader and people are one. But the prolonged ecstasy becomes ritual, then habit and even boredom . . . . the masses have no other function than that of admiring and obedient spectators." Lacouture concludes, pinpointing the final ironic failure: "In any event, the concentration of responsibility in the hands of the personified leader and of his invisible administrators is not a system very conducive to the modernization of a society."

He might have added that no man symbolized more poignantly the tragic corruption of nationalist idealism into self-destructive politics than Gamal Abdel Nasser, who died a hero upon a heap of ruins, with Russian missile sites his monument.

Dan Kurzman is the author of, among other books, "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War" and the award-winning "Subversion of the Innocents."

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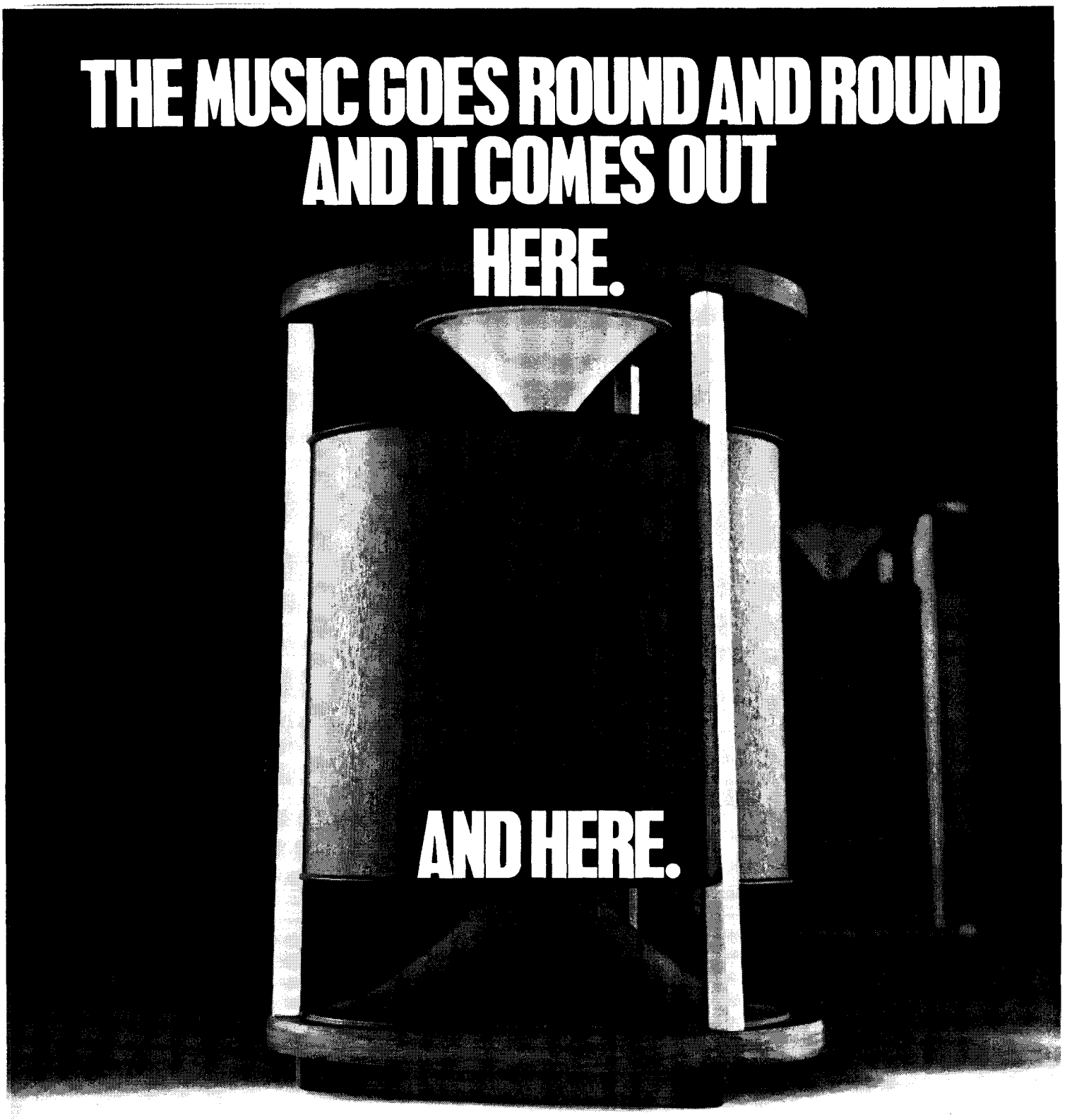

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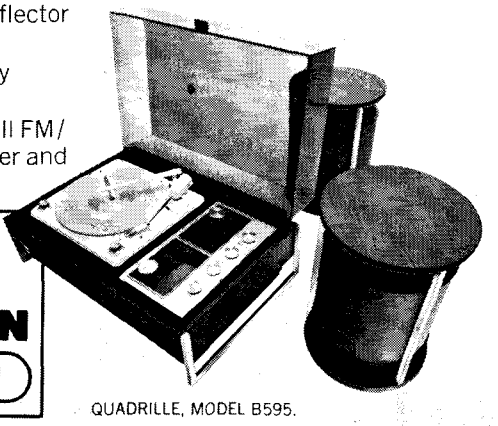

QUADRILLE, MODEL B595.

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MultiMedia

With this issue, *SR* inaugurates a month-end supplement, MULTIMEDIA, devoted to new dimensions in sight and sound made possible by fast-moving developments in the world of electronic technology. It does not replace but is an extension of RECORDINGS, which has followed the developments in the world of disc and tape since the supplement's inception in August 1947. In its turn, MULTIMEDIA will bring together the cultural market places of both ear and eye. It will scrutinize and report on the swiftly evolving means, such as prerecorded cassettes and cartridges, of converting the home TV into another area of individual choice. It will explore new opportunities for education as well as entertainment represented by the new home "cultural centers." It will monitor live developments in all the performing arts—film, theater, opera, ballet, TV, jazz, the concert world—against the day when the best is as available for home use as the newest recording is today. Cable TV and Zenith's subscription system will be included.

Long restricted by its structure and perception to immobile things through the media of print, or reproduced through laborious film techniques, the eye has never enjoyed the ear's privilege of servicing and educating itself instantly with whatever could be heard. The inert it commanded at once. But for the moving and the evanescent it was dependent on means it could not enjoy when and as wanted.

All that is, technologically at least, as close to realization in the 1970s as the long-playing record was in the 1940s. Within the foreseeable future, an old movie or a new, a view of a distant land or of a distant planet will be as readily available to the viewer as the world's musical literature has become to the listener. The ways are described on the pages that follow.

How soon, in addition to how well, the means become available may depend on the ability of the purchaser to discriminate between the good and the better, the durable and the shoddy, the cheapest and the most desirable. It is the intention of MULTIMEDIA, building upon the experience, the insights, and the critical resources developed over more than twenty years of RECORDINGS, to guide such a choice, inform such a public, and assist in the development of such discrimination. For those who have found confidence in its ear to the ground, it will offer an equally attentive eye to the future.

MULTIMEDIA will take as its stage everything that has meaning to the eye and ear as RECORDINGS embraced all that had validity for the ear alone. We are here neither to praise nor to bury RECORDINGS but to expand its franchise to include all the visual products of the past and present whose free choice, for the eye, may one day be as extensive as that miraculous commonplace, free choice for the ear.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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CASSETTE-TV

THE CASSETTE MAN COMETH

by HOLLIS ALPERT

With all the anticipation being generated by the new technologies described by Ivan Berger (pages 45-47), it was to be expected that entrepreneurs in various fields would leap toward the profit-bearing possibilities. One such was a man who has organized several milk delivery companies in the Midwest to deliver sample products to homes along with the daily milk. He contacted an official of the AVCO Corporation, promoters of Cartrivision, and proposed that his milk trucks be used for a weekly delivery and pickup system of rented cassettes. AVCO has by no means turned a deaf ear to the notion; it is anxious to explore any and every way to get its visual products into the home.

But wait. The future has not rushed upon us quite yet. True enough, a host of video-information systems have been developed or are in the course of development. They are marvelous in their ingenuity. They work. Some work very well. Others, not completely ready for demonstration, are promised to work even better. The competition to be the first, or, if not the first, the best, is fierce; but what all this will mean to you and to me is at present hazy.

The dreams, however, are right on schedule. The latest films, ballets by the world's great companies, our choice of full-length *Carmens*, the soufflé suitably illustrated, Tarkenton on quarterbacking, Bernstein conducting the Verdi Requiem in a vaulted cathedral (quadriphonic sound, naturally), the Rolling Stones in intimate concert, the *Marriage Manual* chapter by gamy chapter, psychedelia, how to do this and that, *The Story of O*, Broadway's latest musical, children's programs controlled by the parents instead of by General Mills, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*'s visual companion, plus all that has been already put on film or tape: these are the visions of what may one day be available. Miss the game on TV? Set the timer, and play it later.

And when will all this happen? The schedule is already late. AVCO first announced its console version of Cartrivision for late this spring. The way things are going, make it next spring, and assume that the cost of the unit can be kept to $900. We're into 1972. What will we be able to play on this electronic delicacy? A bunch of old movies already seen for free on the channels again and again. Some how-to items, long-forgotten pro football moments, cooking lessons, and literally next to nothing we haven't seen already. Few movies will be available for outright sale, although, if for some curious reason we would want to own *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, we can have it by shelling out around $60. In my language that's a luxury item, and not one I'm particularly anxious to have.

CBS's EVR system is just about ready to break, but not for the home. They're being understandably cautious over at CBS. The system works fine. I've seen it. But the player in its present form costs a neat $795, and, at the moment, there's not much to play on it. According to Robert Brockway, president of the CBS Electronic Video Recording Division, they won't be testing the home market for at least two years. That takes us into 1973, doesn't it? Figure a year for it to make its way through distributors to dealers to a lot of homes, and we're into 1974.

RCA has its system in development, too. It's radically different from others in that it doesn't use magnetic tape or film (see pages 46-47). Its technology is cheaper than the others, so RCA tells us. They're aiming to go to market in 1973, but no one has seen a set, merely a rigged-up array that can't even be called a prototype. Nevertheless, RCA is confidently engaged in corraling some programing for what it calls SelectaVision. Seven Bolshoi ballets on cartridge, on a one-a-year basis. (That'll take at least to 1980 to get the whole seven.) Olivier has been contacted. He'll maybe do a play, and he'll give us an illustrated lecture on acting. Very cultural-sounding. They're all talking culture at the moment. And, at the moment, most everything is in that process known as negotiation. No one has as yet figured out what licensing rights are involved, and so complicated is the question that Harvard Law School would be well advised to train an entire generation of video lawyers.

Meanwhile, the coming of the cassette man is being awaited, well-nigh breathlessly, in many quarters, one of which is Hollywood. The audience for films in theaters has continued to dwindle, down to around twenty million admissions per week (one-fourth of what it was prior to the onslaught of the television age). But there are more people than ever watching movies—in the home. The dream is to get those new movies directly to the major audience, on video cassettes, of course. But how? Nary a distribution channel has as yet been set up. Hollywood, at the moment, can hardly manage to bankroll its theater productions. How then, until maybe thirty million video players are in homes (target date for this: 1980), can it afford to produce cassette movies?

And how will writers, directors, actors, and the craft unions obtain their cut of the proceeds? All, quite naturally, want their shares, and even supposing we'll be able to rent some new Disney film for family viewing, or the latest Bergman or Fellini, can the cost be held to a limit that will make it possible? If the rental price is $5, say, it must amortize the cost of materials and processing, the creative side, the craft side, the producers, the distributors, the cost of advertising, the lawyers, etc.

Hollywood has been approached, naturally, and movie companies just as naturally have shown every willingness to lend their backlogs to AVCO Cartrivision and to CBS-EVR, but once distribution begins we may confidently watch for injunctions and even strikes, until some equitable method has been evolved to reimburse those who have every right to be reimbursed.

Yet, it might be even wiser for such organizations as the Writers Guild of America, the Screen Actors Guild, and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists to hold their fire until the consumer market is breached, for they can otherwise severely wound the goose before it ever manages to lay its golden eggs. The market is going to be small anyway, for at least four or five years, and not all that much will be lost.

I talked to Robert Brockway in that black monolith of a CBS building in mid-Manhattan. A handsome, graying man, he turned out to be a mixture of the practical and the poetic. He pointed out that the $795 EVR machine was a heavy-duty model designed primarily for educational and industry use. One of the first users will be the Equitable Life Assurance Society. They will produce their own visual training programs on EVR cartridges (mastered and manufactured by CBS) for use by agents and supervisors. The idea, however, is to put the player in someone's home, where the trainees will gather, and lo! the housewife and the neighbors will see how convenient and easy it is to work it.

Convenience and ease—those are the key words. For the truth of the matter is that the bulk of material being contemplated for consignment to cassette already exists. *Schlock* in its myriad varieties is available every day on

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"Bernstein conducting Verdi's Requiem in a vaulted cathedral [St. Paul's in London]." Late word is that it may be licensed, non-exclusively, to AVCO, but remain available to others. Thus, "compatibility" may be in the product rather than the system.

our sets; to ask us to pay for it, too, is an aggravation of cultural injury. If our choice still involves the Beverly Hillbillies and Rowan and Martin (who are already on EVR), wouldn't it be better to wait for their appointed hours? But, says that faint cry, it *works*.

I went in to see the EVR player in performance. My guide didn't bother to turn off the lights. He plunked a cartridge weighing about a pound into the player, which is about the size of a bulky stereo amplifier, pressed a button, and the picture appeared on the nearby TV set (two of them, actually) and in considerably better definition than on my cable hookup at home. Sony's Trinitron set gave truer and sharper color, but the bigger Motorola tube seemed to draw the eye. The program played was a film made by a government agency and transferred to a video cassette; it was eminently viewable with the lights brightly on, and there was none of that irritating sprockety sound one gets from a film projector. Thus, a teacher's joy, assuming he could be provided the material he wanted. He could lecture while the picture showed, keep lights on, and no reason why there couldn't be several TV monitors for convenient viewing by small groups. In addition, he could stop at will, freeze frame, scroll, and unscroll.

If I concentrate more on EVR at the moment, it is because it is momentarily available and has immediate applications. Back to Brockway. The machine I saw, he said, was priced as high as it was because selling it and distributing it to schools, institutions, and corporations was far more expensive than mass-market techniques. Thus, the cost of the heavy-duty model could come down considerably if introduced for home use. But when that time comes (in two to three years) it will be a simpler model we will see, and the price, at a guess, will be in the area of $350.

Sometime this spring the public-at-large can take a look at the EVR machine, for CBS has made available to some 120 libraries a package that includes the player and 100 film titles transferred to its cartridges. The cartridge, at the moment, has a capability of twenty-five minutes in color, fifty minutes (two tracks) in black and white. I'd like to avoid technical detail, but it's probably important to stress that EVR uses a type of film rather than magnetic tape. It is thus neither erasable nor recordable—one advantage and one disadvantage. For library use it is fine, and what sort of bonanza do those 100 titles represent? Well, there's one called *Management Improvement: It's Your Business*; another called *Career in Oceanography*; another called *Legal Requirements for Boatmen*. Not exactly stimulating fare. Obviously, because licensing rights to commercially produced programs have not been worked out, CBS has had to raid government agency film sources—all in the public domain.

Still and all, it's a start. While Motorola will make the players for a while, CBS has built its own multi-million-dollar mastering processing plant, an electronic and industrial marvel in itself. But that home market may be far off in the sky, if only because of the cost of the cartridge itself. You can make your program in some form—videotape, 16-mm film, even Super-8—and take that program to CBS, and it will put it on EVR cartridges for you. If you order 2,000 copies, the price per cartridge for twenty-five minutes in color will run you approximately $18.50. You can get fifty minutes in black and white for around the same price. But, remember, you haven't counted in the production cost of the program. Add other expenses and profit and you're selling an item

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that will cost the consumer around $50.

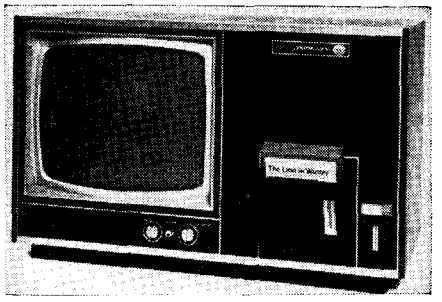
Well, says CBS, suppose you ordered a quarter of a million copies. That would drastically reduce the cost per cartridge. Even so, it's going to be expensive. Figure magnetic-tape cassettes to be at least as expensive as EVR cartridges, perhaps more, and the plaguing cost problems emerge in all their clarity. AVCO may well put *Oh! Calcutta!* on its cartridges, as it hopes to do, but that fetchingly nude show emerging on the hitherto chaste TV screen would probably be priced at around $100.

Because of the heavy cost of production added to the cost of manufacture of cassettes, Brockway doubts that programing will be very innovative for some time to come. Like Peter Goldmark, the inventor of EVR, he sees the system as a kind of visual phonograph when it does get to the home, and it is what has already been produced, on film or on tape (the CBS-TV library, for instance), that he mainly sees being transferred to cartridges. Educationally, however, the picture widens out considerably. Already, a publisher, W. B. Saunders, has collaborated with some Ohio State University professors to put on EVR cartridges a complete four-year chemistry course at the college level, twenty cartridges in all, with appropriate reading materials in addition.

Brockway was chary about divulging too much of what he may have in mind for the future, but corporate directions can be discerned from what has already been announced. The American Program Bureau, a huge publicly held lecture agency, hopes to develop an EVR cartridge network that will place its roster of speakers and lecturers on every campus via the EVR player. Much talk is going on between Simon and Schuster and CBS on how the publisher can get into the act. There is a list of sixty S&S titles ready to be adapted in some form to EVR cartridges. One example mentioned: the best-selling *The Way Things Work*. "Don't forget," Brockway said, "because of EVR's freeze-frame capability, eighty thousand visuals can be placed on one cartridge weighing less than a pound."

Brockway waxes more poetic when he gets away from practicalities and starts dreaming of the future. "If anyone doesn't believe," he said, "that there is a tremendous new industry that will emerge during the Seventies, he is simply and obstinately keeping his head poked in the sand. We're not yet sure of what the nature of the market will be. It may be quite different from the pure entertainment so many are expecting, and it may be longer in coming than we hope or expect, but it is coming. And what will essentially happen, whatever the forms or technologies, is that the TV set will be under the same kind of control as the phonograph." Multimedia, anyone?

Cartridge vs. cassette: (above) Sony's TV cassette and converter; (left) the EVR cartridge and converter, with TV set in background; (below) AVCO's loading slot with cartridge.



In this, Thomas McDermott, programing chief for RCA's SelectaVision, concurs. Perhaps, because he hasn't even seen one of his company's machines, he is inclined to be even more of a crystal ball-gazer. "I see classics of every kind available," he said, " 'live' or animated. I see ballets for the devotee and the student. I see Henry Moore showing us his work. I see a series of Babar puppet shows for children. And there is something I don't yet see, because it will be unique. Programing developed to fill the vacuum that the technology will create. I don't know what it is yet. But, if people come to us with ideas that we think are right for the system, we're empowered to do some heavy backing of production."

There's the challenge, right out in the open. And already there is no dearth of applicants. "They're coming out of the woodwork," said Brockway, "producers and would-be producers, all asking us to bankroll them in their projects. We've got enough orders already to keep our plant busy for at least the next year." Says McDermott: "RCA will make the hardware, transfer and distribute what the industry presently calls software, but I don't think we'll produce [software] on our own. No company can have around as many creative people as the systems can use. We see ourselves more as a kind of studio-distributor firm, a financial umbrella for producing firms."

One big catch: No one knows which system the public will eventually favor. Already unveiled, in addition to EVR and Cartrivision, are systems by Sony, Ampex, and, in Europe, Philips. Also from Europe comes the Teldec Videodisc system, allowing twelve minutes of playback per disc and eventually with a player-changer for a stack of discs. Not one of these systems is compatible with the others. Some might subsist side by side, but it is hardly conceivable that the home viewer is going to invest in half a dozen systems to take advantage of all program possibilities. Add to this the sales and distribution complexities of programs for the various systems. It will take time, much time, before the dust of confusion settles.

Nor is Eastman-Kodak to be dismissed lightly. Super-8 film, particularly, will have its uses, and a clue to how can be found in the History Machine, a brain child of publisher Robert Hector of Chelsea House. He garnered miles of old newsreel footage and then had it edited into fifty Super-8 cartridges, playable through a simply operated player-viewer that can be set on a small table: thus, living history in ten-minute, audio-visual doses, mainly for the researcher or student who might want to call up actual faces and events, and, after 1928, their voices.

Obviously, the home video center so roseately forecast is already here, in a sense. But the all-important mass market is not. Libraries, colleges, cor-

(*Continued on page* 60)

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SOMEDAY MORNING FOR THE CULTURE CANS

by IVAN BERGER

When the first videotape recorders lumbered into broadcast studios, about fifteen years ago, we pundits proclaimed that someday, someday soon, we'd all be making instantaneous home movies on them and taping our favorite programs for re-savoring.

When the first compact, under-$1,000 VTRs came out, just five years ago, we all said that that someday was already here. Or if not quite here, just around the corner. Or if not quite just around *this* corner . . . well, someday soon, at any rate.

That someday, finally, is dawning. Before this year is out, at least six easy-loading color video player or recorder-player systems may be expected on the U.S. market (if their manufacturers can be believed). And by 1972, there may be about eight or ten such systems, from fifteen or more manufacturers. Most will initially be sold to audio-visual and business markets, but inquisitive souls will have the chance to seek out a few for home use. Those hardy souls will take a risk, of course, since most of those systems will be off the market once again by the close of the 1970s. And though the "battle of the speeds" in disc records left us with players that could accept current speeds (33 and 45 rpm) as well as the standard they had made obsolete (78 rpm), the video systems are so dissimilar as to prevent such a compromise. The systems announced so far, at any rate, break down into two groupings: the magnetic-tape systems, which can record, and the more exotic, newer systems, which cannot.

The magnetic systems are thus far more numerous. At press time, five of them, from seven companies, had been announced:

Ampex's Instavision is the most compact of all the video systems announced to date (with the exception of the Teldec disc), the only one so far designed for real "home moviemaking," and the only one compatible in any way with videotapes and recorders now available.

For moviemaking, this system's biggest advantage is its total portability. The color recorder weighs just under sixteen pounds, complete with batteries. The optional zoom camera (black-and-white, for now) has a built-in TV screen, for both viewfinder use and playback in the field. And the cartridges are small enough to slip into a pocket.

The Ampex cartridge takes one-half to one-fifth the space of other cartridges and costs $13. It runs for half an hour at the "standard" 7½-ips speed, a full hour at 3¾ ips. The tape—but not the cartridge—is compatible with the "Type I" black-and-white standard for reel-to-reel recorders adopted by the Electronic Industries Association of Japan. Such machines can accept Instavision color tapes for B & W play, and their tapes can be used in Instavision cartridges.

Arvin's CVR XXI was one of the first color systems shown to the consumer press (in 1968), but no current information was available at press time.

AVCO's Cartrivision may be the first system available for home use (Sony being the other contender for this honor). It will probably be available first as part of a television console, with a clock timer permitting us to tape shows off the air while we're not home; Admiral, as well as AVCO, has announced production plans, and projected prices are in the $900 range.

What makes EVR run. View of its film track "only 8.75 mm (less than ⅜" wide."

The unique feature here is a system of color-coded tape cartridges for different functions. "Red-for-rental" cartridges will be available for one-time play at about $3 per use; these cartridges can be rewound only by the rental agent, not by Cartrivision home machines. "Black-for-buy," prerecorded cartridges will be available, with prices depending on the program. Blank cartridges—"yellow-for-yours"—will cost $10 or so for a fifteen-minute tape and $30 for a two-hour one.

Numerous program sources have been signed, including (to nobody's great surprise) AVCO-Embassy Pictures, United Artists, American International Pictures, British Lion, the National Football League, and Greatest Fights of the Century.

Norelco's VCR (Video Cassette Recorder) will use the same cassette as Magnavox, it will be physically interchangeable with cartridges adopted as a European standard by several firms (see chart). But recordings won't be interchangeable, due to different U.S. and European video standards. (Magnavox, however, will share the Norelco U.S. standard; they'll also offer "a revolutionary, low-cost, single-vidicon color camera," hopefully by late 1972).

VCR has a TV tuner built in, so you need not modify your TV set to record signals off the air (TVs may soon have such connections built in, anyway). You'll be able to watch one show while recording another, too.

Sony's Videocassette system shares with AVCO the likelihood of being first into the home market; at press time it had also been adopted by JVC and Panasonic. The video cassette looks like an oversize audio cassette, but plays in one direction only.

The playback-only systems use far more exotic techniques, in hope of such advantages as less expensive players and lower-cost, more durable recordings.

And more recordings, too, proponents say, since movie studios and other program sources may prefer a medium that does not allow home copying. (Of course, at home one could still copy them onto other media.) In this market, recording capability might mean little, since home movies are less popular than snapshots, and few popular TV shows are worth replaying. The playback systems, then, exist for programs of more lasting, but less popular, appeal. Three such systems have been announced:

CBS's EVR is the only system now being delivered, though it's not expected

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1) MAGNETIC RECORD

System	Date of introduction[1]	CARTRIDGE				Recorded program cost[3]
		Medium	Time	Bulk[2] (cu. in.)	Cost of blank[2]	
Ampex Instavision	'72 (mid-'71)	½" tape	30 min. (60 min.)[5]	15 (30/15)[5]	$13 ($26/$13)[5]	n.a.
Arvin CVR XIII	marking time	No details available at press time.				
AVCO Cartrivision	late '71	½" tape	15, 30, 60, & 120-min. sizes	50 or 72[7] (200, 100 72 or 36)[7]	$30/2 hr. ($15-$40)	$8-$25
JVC (Japan Victor)	n.a.	¾" tape	60 min.	60 (60)	n.a.	n.a.
Magnavox	early '72	½" CrO_2[9]	60 min.	30 (30)	$10 ?	n.a.
Norelco (Philips) VCR	late '71 or early '72	½" CrO_2[9]	60 min.	30 (30)	$10 ? ($10)	n.a.
Panasonic	marking time	¾" tape	60 min.	60 (60)	n.a.	n.a.
Sony Videocassette	early '71	¾" tape	60 min.	60 (60)	n.a.	n.a.

II) PLAYBACK-

CBS EVR	'72 (now)	8.75mm diazo print, color encoded on b&w material	b&w: 50 min. color: 25 min.	33 (40, b&w; 80, color)	not applicable to units in this group	n.a.
RCA SelectaVision	late '72	holographic, embossed vinyl tape	30 min.	n.a.		$10
Teldec Videodisc	late '72	flexible vinyl disc	12-15 min. (12" disc)	ultra-thin (14.4)		approx. $6 each disc

Footnotes
1) Date of institutional introduction in parentheses; 2) figure in parentheses is per hour of recording time; 3) should be taken as very rough estimates; 4) figure in parentheses is for black & white; 5) figure in parentheses is for slower speed; 6) record and color facilities can be added later, $100 each;

into home markets until sometime later in the year. Its black-and-white (and color) cartridges will be made on black-and-white film, but in different formats. The non-color cartridges will carry two parallel tracks of recognizable (though tiny) images on a strip of film only 8.75 mm (less than ⅜ inch) wide. Color cartridges will substitute a track of color-information frames for the second image track, effectively cutting total time per cartridge in half (from fifty to twenty-five minutes) but freeing the second audio track for stereo or bilingual use. The coded color information cannot fade as dyes on regular color film do.

Since the images are on separate frames, it is a simple matter to provide stop motion for critical viewing of a single frame and manual "crawl" backward and forward for scanning of adjacent frames. According to CBS, the system could be used to record reference works or microfilm files.

From the technological standpoint, EVR's interest lies in the way its films are made, as well as in the color-encoding system previously mentioned. The master films are exposed by ultra-fine electron beams rather than by light; this allows greater recording densities for more detail and for pre-treatment of the signal to TV picture requirements.

The machine now in production (made by Motorola) is a "ruggedized" version for educational and business use, with some features of little or no use in the home. Eventually, home EVR players are "targeted to sell for about $350." The current players sell for $795.

A number of program sources have already been signed for EVR, including 20th Century-Fox, the National Audiovisual Center of the National Archives, and the outdoor and how-to films of *Popular Science*.

RCA SelectaVision uses even more exotic technology to produce low-cost, ultra-durable recordings. Like EVR, SV will offer stop motion and may offer slow-speed scanning and reverse play, too. Unlike EVR, it is aimed directly at the consumer market, with an estimated player price of $400 and a price per cartridge of about $10, estimated program production costs and royalties included.

SV is one of the first home products to use laser technology. Its images are actually "holograms"—images of the interference patterns made by laser beams, and indecipherable to the naked eye.

Conventional photographic holograms look weird enough, rather like the dreams of psychedelic spiders transformed into photographic grain patterns. But the SV master hologram transforms them into microscopic hills and valleys instead. In turn, this three-dimensional master is coated with nickel, and—once metal-reinforced—it can be used to emboss thousands of clear copies onto strips of the same inexpensive vinyl used to wrap meats in a supermarket. The process, according to RCA, is extremely fast and inexpensive.

Holograms offer numerous advantages beyond low duplication cost. For instance, program recordings will apparently be interchangeable between SV machines made for U.S. or European video standards. And because of the great redundancy in holographic images, you can rip, tear, scratch, or smudge the SelectaVision film without

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/PLAY SYSTEMS

PLAYER			Stereo sound	Stop motion	Slow motion	Camera price	COMPATIBILITY
Bulk	Player only[4]	Recorder player[4]					
0.45 cu. ft.	($800)[6]	$1,000 ($900)[6]	yes	yes	yes	$400[11]	EIAJ Type I b&w reel-to-reel (at higher speed only)
				n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	n.a.
n.a.[8]	n.a.	$900[8]	mono record, stereo play	no	no	$199 (color late '72, $350)	Admiral will also sell Cartrivision equipment.
n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	stereo	n.a.	no	n.a.	Sony, Panasonic
n.a.	n.a.	$400-600[10]		n.a.	n.a.	"low," color	Norelco (Philips) et al.
0.99 cu. ft.	$300-$500	$500-$600		later	no	n.a., color	European standard: Grundig, Telefunken, Blaupunkt, Sony, Rank, Zanussi; Magnavox in U.S.A.
n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	yes	n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	Sony, JVC
n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	yes	later	n.a.	n.a.	Panasonic, JVC

ONLY SYSTEMS

2.06 cu. ft.	$795 now, home version less expensive	not applicable to units in this group	yes	yes	manual	not applicable to units in this group	
n.a.	$400		yes	yes	yes		Compatible with S-V players using European video standards
n.a.	$120; $240 for changer		yes	yes	n.a.		

7) depends on cartridge length selected; 8) includes color television receiver; 9) chromium dioxide ("Crolyn" (R)) tape; 10) including color camera; 11) camera with zoom lens, videoscreen electronic viewfinder; stop-start switch for recorder;
n.a.) not available

blotching or streaking the picture.

Teldec's Videodisc at first looks vaguely familiar—rather like a phonograph built jointly by Salvador Dali and the late Rube Goldberg.

But though the Videodisc records its information in the form of thin grooves physically impressed upon a plastic disc, resemblance to conventional phonographs ends there. The grooves, for one thing, are incredibly narrow—on the order of thirty or so to every groove on standard LP records. Because they are too tightly packed to allow the vertical squiggling of LP-disc grooves, Teldec cuts them in hill-and-dale fashion (like those on Edison cylinders and early discs). The record is paper-thin and paper-limp, and it spins at 1,800 rpm—but the "turntable" stands still. And the pickup cartridge uses a ceramic transducer with a frequency response up to three million Hertz.

The basic virtues of the phonograph record remain: Once you have made your master, you can stamp out inexpensive copies by the millions; and, using the third dimension of space above the record player, you can skip instantly from the beginning to the middle or the end of the recording, without tediously winding past unwanted sections.

The differences between the Videodisc and the LP are all deliberate, of course. Only by using many grooves and ultra-high speeds can the information content of a moving television picture be recorded; there are about 100 times as many "bits" of information in a second's worth of TV than in one second of audio.

At the moment, the projected price of the system of radial tone arm, cartridge, turntable, and electronics is under $200, with fifteen-minute, twelve-inch discs available for less than $6, and capable of 1,000 plays without deterioration. For longer works, Teldec is working on longer-playing discs, as well as a Videodisc changer ($250 to $300 estimated) that could accept a two-hour stack of discs less than one-quarter inch in *total* height.

Cinematic hybrid systems have been sketchily announced by **ABTO (American Broadcasting Company/Technical Operations), NordMende, Sylvania,** and **Vidicord.** All use standard Super-8 film, so standard cine cameras would be their "recorders."

The video playback field is almost totally fluid at the moment. With one or two exceptions, nobody is really locked into the production of anything. With nothing final at this time, direct comparisons are bound to be inaccurate; the system that looks ragged at this week's prototype demonstration may present a crystal-clear picture when production models are delivered six to eighteen months from now, while the system that looked excellent in prototype may have some bugs in the production models.

In the meantime, how long should you hold off before you put your money where some manufacturer's mouth is? That depends on how much you want or need a videoplayer now, how confident you are that your system will become standard, and how useful a functioning but obsolete unit will be to you if industry standards pass it by. And someday morning very soon, the question will be resolved at last. Until, that is, the next upheaval—3-D, maybe—comes along.

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FILM

THE ROCK PILE

by HENRY S. RESNIK

Rock is the backbone of the counter-culture. Movies and cameras are almost as important. Naturally enough, this has led to a vital art form: rock movies. Although the festival scene and the movie industry have soured, and you keep hearing that nobody will make rock movies again, we're likely to see a great deal more of rock on film—or on videotape and cassette.

Movies with rock scores aren't necessarily rock movies. *Easy Rider* is a counter-culture movie of a sort, but the music is merely decorative. And in the world of Russ Meyer, notably in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, the music is a vapid fume in the general air of cheap titillation. Meyer has little real sympathy with rock or the counter-culture; for him rock is nothing more than the rhythm of sex.

Help!, *A Hard Day's Night*, and *Yellow Submarine* make the music a much more intimate part of the whole than *Easy Rider*, but these aren't what one would readily call rock movies either. The best rock movies are documentaries. Among the earliest to reach a wide audience were *Don't Look Back*, a portrait of Bob Dylan on tour in England in May 1965, and *Monterey Pop*, which covered the three-day Monterey International Pop Festival in June 1967.

There are all kinds of rock movies, and any talk of categories is artificial at best. Nevertheless, an acquaintance with the form leads to at least one broad distinction: Some rock movies are principally vehicles for music; if they're well done, the music comes across in ways that are unique to the film medium. Other films examine the culture of rock more than they present the music itself; in this kind of movie, the music is always there, but it's somehow incidental. *Monterey Pop* shows us a great deal about the festival-goers, but the real thrust of the film is musical. Even when we're watching the peripheral action of the crowd, the sound track continues with music. *Don't Look Back*, on the other hand, is a film about Bob Dylan; only a few songs are presented in their entirety, and even these are indifferently sung—Dylan is a tired, irritable, snotty little prince and musically way below par throughout the film. (It's nearly impossible to make a musically interesting movie about an event where the music wasn't very good; good music can easily be distorted, however, by sloppy film-making.)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's recently released *Elvis—That's the Way It Is* embodies some of the worst aspects of bad rock movies. The film is little more than an elaborate advertisement for Elvis and MGM, but it's stupidly done. Like Elvis's fans, so many of whom in their appearances on camera seem afflicted with serious cases of spiritual malnutrition, all the film can do is gape. In the opening scene, which takes place in an MGM rehearsal studio, Elvis flashes a benignly cute smile and says, "Hello, Hollywood camera"—and there can be no question of who is in control. Later the film reaches the apex, or nadir, of its technical expertise when the camera locks in on Elvis during his appearance at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, then zooms in and out in a dull suggestion of sexual intercourse that leaves one with a headache.

The cheapest moment in this monumentally cheap film occurs when Elvis descends from the stage during his Las Vegas show and plows through the throngs who have been allowed to charge him. The whole thing is a setup for the film, of course; Elvis struggles the length of the proscenium and mounts the stage with a few spangles trailing seductively from his costume—sweating, triumphant, a mighty survivor of sexual combat. The only good thing about *Elvis—That's the Way It Is*, which was directed by Denis Sanders, is Elvis. And Elvis is magnificent, more powerful than ever as he sings twenty-seven numbers, still one of the most compelling of all rock performers.

The staged non-event, the absence of a critical sensibility, the bemused awe of the superstar, and finally unmotivated technical tricks are earmarks of badly made rock movies, and *Let It Be*—which shows the Beatles in a couple of rehearsal sessions, then in a sluggish concert on the roof of their Apple headquarters in London that was obviously planned as a way of rescuing the film from total dreariness—has all these qualities without the virtue of an interesting performance. It even has consistently poor color. The film's only plus is that it affords an occasional glimpse of the Beatles themselves, then so close to breaking up that they all seem to be hiding from the camera.

The Elvis film and *Let It Be* are both essentially musical, but neither one makes the slightest move toward enhancing the musical performance it records. *Monterey Pop* represents a distinct rock movie genre—the festival film—but it's also a landmark in the transference of live musical performance to the screen. How does D. A. Pennebaker get such amazing results? Perhaps most important, Pennebaker has an unfailing sense of himself as an artist; superstar egos don't faze him. He has a knack, too, for filming what he finds, rather than trying to impose a preconceived sense of what he wants to see. Filming the 1965 Dylan tour as a musical event would have been a disaster; Pennebaker realized that the music was less important than Dylan, and he didn't hesitate to show

David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Mick Jagger watch rushes of "Gimme Shelter"—"a headlong rush into satanic darkness."

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Dylan at his worst. The Monterey festival, on the other hand, was one of the great moments in the history of rock—the public debut, in a way, of the San Francisco sound. The music, the weather, and the vibrations were right, and the film is completely in harmony with them.

Pennebaker improves on *Monterey Pop* in the soon-to-be-released *Sweet Toronto*, made during the twelve-hour Toronto Rock 'n' Roll Festival of September 1970. Here Pennebaker has scrapped the familiar one-or-two-songs-to-a-group approach, selected a limited number of performers, and focused on whole sets. He's been even more selective in his choice of musicians; although the festival included a wide variety of styles, Pennebaker presented the roots of rock embodied in Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, and Little Richard—all of them in top form—but then juxtaposed this with an unusual blues set by John Lennon, who made a surprise appearance, backed up by Eric Clapton, and a fantastically weird, yet interesting, moaning and wailing number by Yoko Ono. The result is dazzling.

The singular triumph of *Sweet Toronto* is the perfection of what Pennebaker calls the "line" of music and film—a continuing visual and musical image that becomes a unique musical composition itself. Interestingly, though, this can have an almost enervating effect, an immediate consequence of the principal difference between live and filmed rock performance. Filmed rock presents a unique vision of the live performance that one could never have at the performance itself, but it's didactic and intense. Live concerts are mitigated by the distractions of the crowd, the amplification system, and other environmental factors excluded from filmed versions, and when they're performed outdoors, at least they're likely to be much less exhausting. In the case of *Sweet Toronto*, the difference seems to be between an emotional catharsis and a good high. Partly because the film concludes with Yoko's extraordinary "thing," one leaves it numbed and mystified; this can't have been true of those who heard the live concert.

Another festival film, Michael Wadleigh's much-touted *Woodstock*, suffers terribly in comparison with Pennebaker's films, for *Woodstock* rarely makes real contact with the music. This is partly a reflection of the performances—Hendrix's "Wild Thing" at Monterey was infinitely better than even the double-barreled "Star-Spangled Banner" of Woodstock. But *Woodstock* tries to make up with technical flashiness what it lacks in art. The split-screen technique in *Woodstock* actually detracts from the music, and the best moments are the most straightforward—Sha-na-na's frenzied "At the Hop" and the shot of Richie Havens's foot during "Handsome Johnny."

Woodstock is essentially a film about an event, however, and on this level it's more successful. Its scope is huge, and it conveys the sense people had of being together—much more attention is paid to life-style, community, and dope than in any of the Pennebaker films, and the film exudes a benevolent euphoria. To a great extent, of course, this euphoria is the result of distortion.

Gimme Shelter is also about an event, the Rolling Stones' free concert at the Altamont Speedway near San Francisco on December 6, 1969, four months after Woodstock. Some say that Altamont, an epic disaster in which all the beautiful groovy people turned ugly and mean and at least one was murdered, marked the end of the peaceful and loving "Woodstock Nation." This may be an inflated interpretation, just as the Woodstock Nation was an inflated myth, but there can be no doubt that Altamont was brutal and violent and that the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin have managed brilliantly to capture this mood on film.

The murder of a young black man by one of the Hell's Angels whom Jagger had hired to be the concert's security guard has been widely reported, and at first one wouldn't expect any real suspense in *Gimme Shelter*. We know at the beginning that we're going to see a murder; we know that Altamont was ugly; we know that the Maysleses caught the murder on film and that the film was subpoenaed as evidence in court. Yet Maysles/Zwerin have focused the entire film on this climactic moment, and their masterful editing has created the jarring and surprising impression of a headlong rush into satanic darkness.

But there is something terribly wrong with *Gimme Shelter* despite its technical brilliance. As many critics have already argued, this is an amoral film that lacks critical judgment in a situation that demands a moral response. Everything is sacrificed to editing, pace, and structure—the film's implicit purpose is to dramatize the murder as effectively as possible. No one ever questions why the Angels

(Top) Yoko Ono and John Lennon's "fantastically weird" number in Pennebaker's "Sweet Toronto"—"improves on 'Monterey Pop' "; (middle) Bob Dylan in "Don't Look Back"—"Pennebaker . . . didn't hesitate to show Dylan at his worst"; (bottom) Elvis Presley in current Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film—"more powerful than ever."

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were hired—doubtless to satisfy Mick Jagger's cynically vaunted impression of himself as a street-fighting revolutionary. Nor is it ever mentioned that the film-makers themselves were hired partly in order to make the free concert profitable through the proceeds of the film. Part of the problem is the Maysleses' fawning acceptance of the Stones. More than anything else, the film is a humble tribute.

Relatively few rock movies have set out to explore specific aspects of the rock culture, but *Groupies* was inevitable, and it may well be unique. No one need bother, at any rate, to make another film about the sex-crazed rock fans whose sole purpose in life is the ultimate unity of musician and audience—*Groupies* is perfect. There is plenty of music in the film—by Alvin Lee and Ten Years After, by Joe Cocker, Spooky Tooth, Dry Creek Road, and Terry Reid—but it's somehow peripheral, though capably filmed. The groupies themselves, a dozen or so, including a few male homosexuals, are much more vivid than the music.

The photography and direction by Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard focus constantly, and in highly inventive ways, on a dozen or so groupies, but this isn't the mindless acceptance that one finds in lesser rock movies. Rather, Dorfman and Nevard have created a series of endearing caricatures. In one scene the camera watches a groupie putting on her makeup from a distance of about an inch—throughout the film, close-up is used in a tremendously witty manner. Another scene allows a totally stoned homosexual groupie to ramble on and on to various rock singers in a backstage room where he is trying to find a partner for the night, and the result is an intensely intimate sense of character. One of the funniest scenes in this hilarious film shows a groupie named Cynthia P. Caster combing a huge mass of frizzy hair, totally deadpan, and explaining in detail how she makes plaster casts of the rock stars' genitalia.

Groupies doesn't judge, although it suggests that groupies are pathetic; the film offers some broad insights into the rock culture, however, and for this reason alone it's an important document. "Wherever I go there's music," says a California baby-groupie as she embarks on a new "trip" in an airplane. "Everybody in America is bisexual," announces one of the groupie males matter-of-factly. And, most trenchant of all, from a girl in New York: "You get to screw the prettiest boys; you get to smoke the best dope; you get to meet the most far-out people. I don't know—it's magic, it's really magic."

THEATER

"THE ROSEBLOOM'S HERE"

by LARRY COHEN

Los Angeles.

To arrive last month in what so many New Yorkers like to think of as the cultural abyss of Los Angeles and bump into a play that excited me more than any movie I saw last year was something of a shock. (Lest there be any illusion, however, about L.A.'s being a theatrical mecca, let it be noted that Mart Crowley's second play, *Remote Asylum*, was playing across the street at the Ahmanson, and its first act seemed to have a running time of twelve days. I fled before the second and third installments.) *Rosebloom* is the name of the play, and it's the sort of work that prompts a critic to want to meet its author and hug him tightly; Harvey Perr has written what may well be the finest American drama since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* graced the Broadway stage in 1962. Eight years is a long time between hugs.

My own reaction is to embrace Perr for having written such a good play, for having the courage to risk so much of the blood and guts of his own private experiences, and for having the talent to transfer these voices alive and kicking onto a stage only too eager to give them the room to be tough as well as funny. Perhaps, like most good plays, this one is autobiographical—at least in its feelings. It is alive in the truth of its fiction, in its authenticity rather than in its specifics. Shaw once wrote that the artist "steals the mother's milk and blackens it to make printer's ink." Perr does the axiom one better by tossing his mother, father, wife, and self through the dramatic wringer, only to emerge with a portrait of an American family whose deep hate and love for each other genuinely matter.

Rosebloom's theatrical lineage is the family drama of O'Neill, Miller, early Williams, and Albee; but if the substance of the domestic battleground has been borrowed, the form is original enough. The method is what counts, and in this particular play an almost musical construction converts this story of a family awaiting the return of a man from prison into such an indelible experience. The techniques, ranging from internal monologues to physically executed fantasies and flashbacks, lift the drama up and out of its tradition into meaningful, contemporary terms.

For twenty-six years, Harry Rosebloom (Nehemiah Persoff) has been serving a prison sentence for a holdup in which a man was killed. When Tharon Musser's lights come up on Michael Devine's confined, claustrophobic living room that is the play's set, three creations speak. At the start, we are not watching people so much as we are overhearing an internal reality that Perr has assigned to them: a meeting ground of nerve endings in which rhythms and information are tossed at us.

Mark, Rosebloom's twenty-seven-year-old son (Ron Rifkin), sits in a wheelchair; his legs, we learn later, were crushed in a car accident, and one of his arms is useless. He speaks of his immobility in the form of a childhood recollection that is emotionally if not actually true: after class, on the blackboard, he would write one hundred times "I'm sorry I'm crippled," using the contractions because "it was easier than writing 'I am sorry that I am crippled.'" Sylvie (Sheree North), his mother, confesses her uncertainty about everything, and her shame for having produced a son whose clicking wheelchair serves as a literal reminder of her failures. And Mark's young wife, Enola Gay (Carrie Snodgress), reads aloud from a ghost story by Ambrose Bierce about a quarrel between a father and son that ends in murder; on one level, the tale suggests what will transpire between Harry and Mark. Before the play ends, Nolie lays down Bierce and picks up Pär Lagerkvist's *The Dwarf*.

Then, almost invisibly, the external reality of the play assumes control; the action becomes more naturalistic as the characters begin interacting in the vise of their relationships. In the tension of the waiting for Harry, their separate and joint truths unwind. Enola Gay, named by her mother after the plane that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, evades the "hassles" of the situation by smoking dope. Sylvie, thinking that Harry would be in prison for life, has sought refuge in numerous lovers and has remarried; she spends most of the first half of the play applying cosmetics. Mark—bitter, cynically self-mocking, and equipped with an excoriating mouth—compulsively wheels around in his chair, slaying every lie and fantasy in sight.

Part of the excitement of the play lies in Perr's skillful dipping in and out of levels, in his interweaving of realities. Sylvie, at one point, corners Mark

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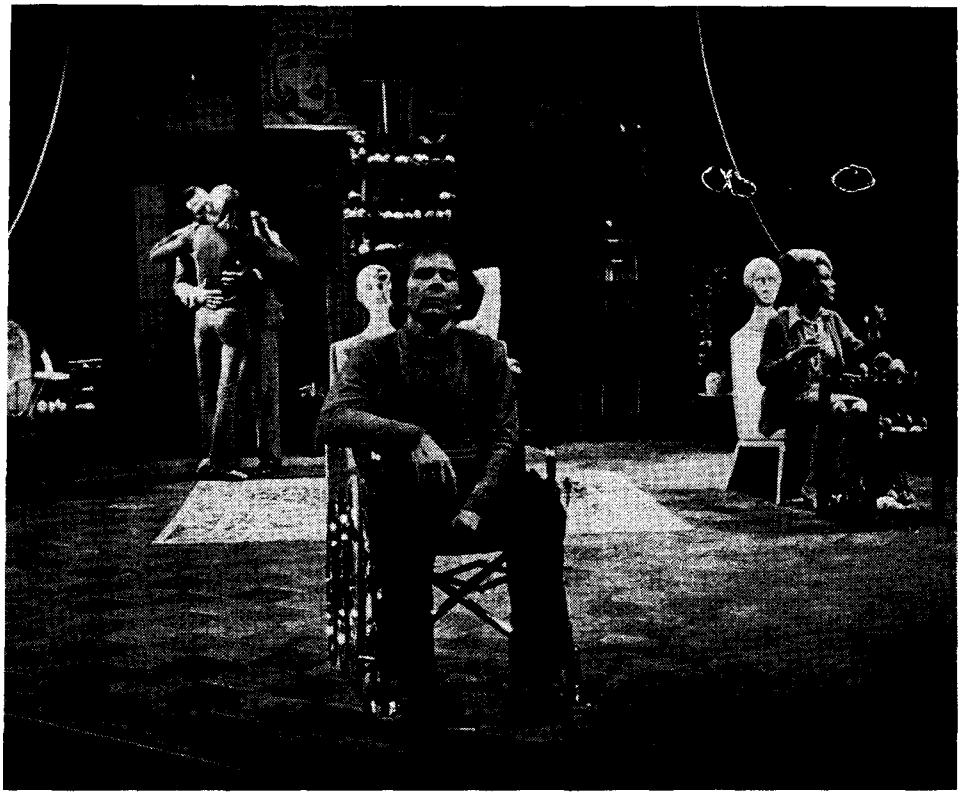

Ron Rifkin in wheelchair, Nehemiah Persoff and Carrie Snodgress embracing, and Sheree North in Harvey Perr's new play "Rosebloom."

Son, wife, and mother confrontation —"a scream in the night for love."

in his wheelchair and begins pushing him around the room as if the chair were his baby stroller; she trips back into the past, beginning to refer to herself in the third person, and the communication of her anguish is acute. It is a risky piece of theatricality, but an effective one, that skillfully lays the groundwork for the larger stylizations and more ambitious jumps that are to follow. In fact, all of Perr's gambling in this play—his attempts at agony as well as ecstasy, love as well as hate—is exciting in the vastness of its scope.

Harry finally arrives ("The Rosebloom's here")—not once but several times. The play has a complicated strategy that suggests multiple realities; thus, Harry enters and exits subjectively and ritualistically—once in the course of Enola Gay's reading, once in an idealized family reunion, once for a sexual embrace with Enola Gay, and, for the last time, right after Mark has had a seizure. It's an amusing as well as psychologically penetrating idea; of all the stylization in the Mark Taper production, it works best.

With the tensions and characterizations established, the play never lets go again. Rosebloom's arrival home is the nightmare come full circle, and the various levels of the drama converge in a series of confrontations. Forgiveness is the crucial issue, and there are only wounds and little murders as the family attempts to kill Harry and he attempts to kill them—both of which are brilliantly enacted as crimes and then shown to be tricks. The play is a scream in the night for love—pained, groping, and eloquently moving.

There was much in the Los Angeles production to argue against, but what needs to be emphasized is that while Gordon Davidson's direction in no way crystallized the play or solved some of its trickier demands, neither did it repress just how great a piece of writing *Rosebloom* is. The material—in spite of some problems with the pacing and getting the evening off the ground, plus some unnecessary trappings—came through loud and clear. Whoever plans to present it in New York—and such plans are in the works—ought seriously to consider advising Perr to eliminate the intermission (the play is strong enough and short enough to go without one), and, perhaps, about doing some minor rewrites of Enola Gay, the one role that struck me as slightly undernourished. Randy Newman's songs ought to be retained, but the set—especially the furnishings known as "Chairacters"—should be scrapped.

Having starred in the role of Mark when the play was first performed as an experimental New Theatre for Now production last season, Ron Rifkin straddles an acting style that must encompass tremendous pain and affection; his acting is masterful, and it's a bravura performance in the best sense of the word. Sheree North's Jewish mother is a welcome departure from the cliché—an altogether impressive demonstration of the actress's profound and too infrequently utilized abilities. Carrie Snodgress is properly sensual as the stoned Enola Gay; that Sally Kellerman once played the same role is a variance in casting that my mind is unable to fathom. And in the title role, Nehemiah Persoff provides a spine around which the evening rotates: a portrait of a brutal, vitally sexual man whose attempts at a homecoming are all contained in his deluded declaration that all will be all right now that he has returned.

As a play, *Rosebloom* doesn't *tell* very well; it desperately needs the stage to make sense of its pain and affection, and perhaps this need is its greatest asset. Perr's first full-length work, in other words, goes for broke; it refuses to be mistaken for anything but a play. Considerably revised, it could conceivably become a film, but such an action would be a tremendous disservice; the work's very real strengths are distinctly theatrical. For being its unfashionable self, it should be applauded as a cry against theater becoming an anachronism. It proves that with all of its limitations, the stage can move us in its intimacy and in the grace of its being a live experience.

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Recordings in Review

Exit Beethoven, Enter Haydn

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 65 in A; No. 66 in B flat; No. 67 in F; No. 68 in B flat; No. 69 in C (Laudon); No. 70 in D; No. 71 in B flat; and No. 72 in D. Antal Dorati conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica.* London stereo, STS 15135-8, $11.92.

IF THE APPEARANCE of these four discs is not acclaimed with the hosannas and Jubilate due a monumental project, it is only because they are presently destined for a preprepared place on a shelf housing two other Haydn projects, each equally monumental and each left incomplete. One is the treatment by the Schneider-led ensemble of the "complete" Haydn quartets; the other is the Max Goberman-directed edition of "all" the symphonies. That neither achieved its proclaimed object is no cause to doubt that this one will; but it is also no guarantee of eventual completion.

Perhaps the best guarantee of the promise that we shall, in a few years more or less, have the long-awaited complete edition of the 104 symphonies of Haydn is the participation of H. C. Robbins Landon in the sponsorship of London-Decca. Robbins Landon, whose first writings on the subject appeared in these pages as long ago as August 25, 1951, is not only a formidable scholar but a person whose promise is as good as most people's bond. And if London could encompass Wagner's *Ring* on nineteen LP discs, who is to doubt their ability to bring home all 104 Haydn symphonies on approximately forty LPs grouped in nine albums?

As an augury to the sense of the expected in the totality, the beginning with the symphonies numbered 65 to 72 is highly auspicious. That is because even the least Haydn aficionado knows that the area between Symphonies 60 and 80 has been, largely speaking, a *terra incognita,* long without so much as a road map (scores) to guide him through the territory. Assuming that the next batch will take in Nos. 72 to 80, the outcome—however the world fares with the other ninety or so—would be for the first time, in a unified way, a linkup of the earlier segments with the well-covered later ones. That would be practical idealism in the highest degree.

Some who might look upon the partnership of Dorati and the Philharmonia Hungarica as something of a compromise with top quality, a way of doing an expensive thing "on the cheap," are due for a revelation. The refugees from Hungary's uprising of 1956 have found a haven in Marl, a smallish community (80,000) in the environs of Düsseldorf; also a stable existence. To judge from their service to the "father of the symphony" in this instance, they are worthy of all the care his "children" deserve.

As for Dorati, though he isn't known in this country as a Haydn preceptor, he produces results that are pungent, perceptive, spirited, and never exaggerated. It is perhaps not the greatest tribute to critical judgment that he is quoted as saying, "All Haydn's symphonies are masterpieces." On sober reflection, the listener will conclude that it is not necessary that he agree with Dorati. If he conducts each as though *he* believed it to be a masterpiece, who could ask for more? (Walter's geniality, Beecham's sophistication, Scherchen's energy? Not in 1971.)

Eventually, it may be possible to "place" the eight symphonies of these four discs (No. 72 is, perversely, the earliest) in the hierarchy of Haydn. There is already strong evidence that they are, as a whole, closer in dimensions, spirit, and design to the later works than they are to the earlier. Such finales as those for Symphonies Nos. 66, 68, and 69 are spiritual antecedents of those in the last twelve ("Salomon") symphonies, likewise No. 88 in G, which set the style. On the other hand, the slow movements, though often interesting (as in No. 70), don't attain the profundity of which Haydn was capable. Nos. 71 and 72 are in his favorite variations pattern, with a particularly engaging section for double bass in the latter.

Remarkably well played by the Hungarians (some of whose musical ancestors may have served Haydn himself at Esterháza) and beautifully reproduced, the accumulation of volumes to come will be watched with interest, enjoyed with pleasure, and completed—let us hope—with the hosannas and Jubilate now held in reserve. The date for regretting the role of doubting Thomas cannot come too soon.

A contemporary (1770) painting of Haydn and his Esterházy musicians.

Raff's "Lenore"

RAFF: *Symphony No. 5 (Lenore). Bernard Herrmann conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* Unicorn stereo, UNS 209, $5.98.

FOR ALL THE uncountable thousands of records made during the LP period, it is a measure of the dilatory, unprobing practices of most companies that duplications by the hundreds have been indulged while a work of this quality has remained a solitary enthusiasm for Bernard Herrmann in 1970, as it was in the mid-Thirties. Now that it has been demonstrated that Herrmann's taste is as valid now as it was then, it may be prudent for some A & R man to commandeer the complete catalogue of Herrmann's "Invitation to Music" series for CBS radio in the 1935-1940 period and glean what he can from it.

Nobody who has studied the violin and thus, automatically, come to know the much-played *Cavatina* of Joseph Joachim Raff, would expect a flaming masterpiece from him. His was primarily a gentle art, introspective and affectionate, rather than extroverted and passionate. But it was a growth soundly rooted in the soil of Mendelssohn and Schumann and well watered by the Wagnerian deluge (among others). The *Lenore* Symphony (based on a poem of Gottfried August Bürger, a

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Joachim Raff—"a gentle art, introspective and affectionate."

poet of the late eighteenth century who was also responsible for the text on which César Franck based *Le Chasseur maudit*) has its share of programmatic content, but it is not greatly dependent on its source for musical comprehension. It is, rather, dependent for its appreciation on the listener's willingness to accept it for what it is—an evocation of the time when a composer could be widely respected and even more widely performed for a heartfelt expression of a restricted talent.

The qualities of Raff are best exemplified in the slow movement of Part One (titled "Love's Bliss") and the extended march that makes up Part Two ("Separation") than in the more derivative *allegro* that opens Part One or the ambitiously narrative finale ("Reunited in Death") that makes up Part Three. (That march, incidentally, may well have given Tchaikovsky the idea for the third movement of his *Pathétique.*) Throughout, the best of Raff is evoked not only with insight and enthusiasm but also with the sophisticated musicianship that has characterized Herrmann's work in other genres, especially in the film scores for which he is best known. The orchestra is first-class, of course, and the recording is highly satisfactory. Is it too much to ask for other of Raff's works, especially *Im Walde*? They may lead to answers to the riddle of Raff's eclipse almost immediately after his death in 1882, as well as provide a bridge to the beginnings of the next notable symphonist in the German tradition, G. Mahler.

Wall-to-Wall Moog

LEEDY: *Entropical Paradise I; II; White Landscape; The Harmonarium; Star Engine; Doria. Douglas Leedy, using*

(*Continued on page* 59)

Hodeir on "Finnegans Wake"

OUT OF HIS varied attributes and experiences—birth in Paris in 1921, first prizes at the Paris Conservatory, violinist in the André Ekyan Sextet, arranger, author of *Jazz: Evolution and Essences,* promotion of his French contemporaries in *Since Debussy,* composer of film scores, etc.—André Hodeir has evolved what is certainly the most absorbing musical work combining jazz and verbal values yet to appear. It is of thee, James Joyce, he sings, in nothing less than *Anna Livia Plurabelle* (Mercury stereo, PHS 900-255, $5.98).

The musical context throughout is Ellington—not, however, the "Duke" of the big band and the explosive effects, but of the smallish chamber ensembles, the core, or heart, of the Ellington idea in the time when Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Harry Carney, Sonny Greer (drums), and a bass player and pianist (sometimes Ellington himself) could be grouped into a conclave of quality unmatched by anything in jazz. The equivalent here is a quartet of winds (clarinet, flugelhorn, alto sax, and flute) plus violin, vibraphone, and guitar, with an intensely active rhythm section of two basses and four drums. The rhythm is constant, moving, energetic, but never insistent; the other instruments all perform as soloists, in a remarkable simulation of improvised spontaneity under Hodeir's swinging direction of his own score.

Into this molten mold or fluid fusion are poured the voices of Monique Aldebert and Nicole Croisille, dueting the Joyce text in a completely straightforward exposition utilizing—and this is Hodeir's special stroke of creative ingenuity—the virtuoso fluency and rhythmic freedom of scatting. It is described in John Lewis's verbal commentary as "a . . . distinctive development that has taken place in France. It can be traced on recordings through the works of the Blue Stars, Min i Pinsons, The Swingle Singers, and others," but that is merely codification in group efforts. Mmes. Aldebert and Croisille have a complete, effective command of both the English verbal values and the vocal discipline to get them out on the musical pitches, with results that are sure to be imitated but hardly likely to be surpassed.

As with many works of singular quality, *Anna Livia Plurabelle* can be enjoyed on several levels. The most complete, of course, would be available to the person as thoroughly indoctrinated in Joyce as Hodeir and as good a musician as he is, with equal affinity for jazz and serious music. Doubtless (considering the embracing place of Joyce in contemporary art) there are some such, and they doubtless will be heard from. But those who are, primarily, music-oriented will find, as I did, a rare kind of companionship between the verbal matter and its musical exposition even if they cannot participate in all the imagery.

It is the insinuating strength of Hodeir's creation that, like the totality of the work, the individual elements can be engaged on several levels. One can hear the instrumental element as an entity in itself, or as a subtle evocation of Ellington, or Ellington plus his irreplaceable collaborator, the late Billy Strayhorn. The vocal performance, of itself, has the pure, non-literal charm of the best scat singing, in which the appeal derives wholly from momentum, rhythmic design, contrast, etc. All of that is here in the agile accents of Aldebert and Croisille, spiced by the allusions, the meanings or lack of them, in the poetic wordplay.

But then, it is a fair question to ask, how does it stand up over two sides totaling nearly fifty-three minutes? Better than might be imagined. This is because of Hodeir's artistic competence, his taste and judgment as to where and when a variation of the prevailing mode is melodically desirable. As a general condition, the first side (24:33) is fast, the second (28:04) slower, but there is enough deviation to avoid monotony. At the end, Hodeir provides for consummation and resolution not through an accumulation of force, but by a thinning-out of instrumental values (down to a solo vibraphone for a nocturnal mood).

Without a score, it is impossible to tell how much of the sound is written out, what provisions there are for improvisations or the aleatory. In either instance, the clarinet playing of Hubert Rostaing is of outstanding importance. Suave, articulate, beautifully discreet, it is no more dispensable than one of the indispensable vocalists. The recording supervised by John Lewis (the issue is described as having been produced by MJQ Music, Inc.) is a fulfilling factor of a well-conceived composite.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Carter: Concerto for Orchestra. **Schuman:** *In Praise of Shahn.* Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, M-30112, $5.98.	Neither of these works strikes me as an immediately broadening addition to its composer's repertory, if for widely different reasons. In the instance of Carter, the attention is absorbed by his fluency and technical resourcefulness, rather blunted and eventually lost by the scrappy, inconclusive character of the material. One sets aside the immediate impression with the hope, as well as the wish, that with time and greater familiarity the scraps may cohere better, the brevities expand into longer chains of connection. In the Schuman,	the values are almost reversed: the material is readily, almost too readily, recognizable; the elaboration of it simpler, more sparse than sustains the attention. Is there a middle ground between? Perhaps. But with two such experienced composers as Carter and Schuman, it would appear that it is a "center" from which they have already diverged in search of higher ground. Bernstein's performances show no partiality in application or exposition to either, which is to say that no greater justice to both can be imagined.
Coste, N.: Three Studies. **Sor, F.:** Six Studies. **Giuliani, M.:** Three Studies. Andrés Segovia, guitar. Decca stereo, DL-710179, $5.98.	No matter how well one knows the art of Segovia, there is something to be learned from this record. Side 1 is devoted to the master speaking of birth, childhood, and early emotional life in Spain; Side 2 provides insights into the artistry with which he can ennoble even the most limited expressions. Those who have not been previously exposed to Segovia's ways of expressing himself in English will be struck, as I was, by the	resemblances to the manner and inflections of his older colleague Pablo Casals. For students of the instrument, the illustrations on Side 1 of the exercises he uses daily to promote flexibility will be invaluable, likewise the artistry he brings to bear to make the studies of Side 2 take life and meaning. The first in a series of similar discs devoted to discourse and performance, it promises much for those to follow.
Paganini (Bream): Sonata in A. **Mendelssohn (Bream):** *Venetian Boat Song; Canzonetta.* **Tarrega:** Prelude; Mazurkas. **Schubert:** "Menuetto" (Sonata, Op. 78). Julian Bream, guitar. RCA stereo, LSC 3156, $5.98.	Among disciples of Segovia, few have so successfully found a way to individuality as Julian Bream, who continues to add to the literature for the guitar as well as to the pleasure of its adherents. Here he is at his best in the Sonata of Paganini, originally for violin and guitar. Bream has (as far as one can judge without recourse to the music) been wholly successful in combining the two parts into one. He also has a strong feeling for Paganini's idiom, which, it probably	should be mentioned, is here uninvolved with virtuosity and is, on the whole, conservative. The Tarrega pieces are also well played. However good the transcriptions by Bream are of the Mendelssohn-Schubert material, he tends to overstress their "romantic" content. The Mendelssohn works are played in a languishing manner, the Schubert marked by too many broken chords and rhythmic irregularities.
Satie: *Gnossiennes* (Nos. 4-6); *Nouvelles pièces froides; Première pensée et sonneries de la Rose-Croix; Deux rêveries nocturnes* (rev. Caby); *Petite ouverture à danser* (rev. Caby); *Quatre préludes;* and *Le Fils des étoiles.* Aldo Ciccolini, piano. Angel stereo, S-36714, $5.98.	The deepening penetration of Aldo Ciccolini (this is Volume 4 in the series) into Satie's mysterious realm of sound has produced in this collection a group of works so recondite that they are scarcely known to any but the indoctrinated. This, however, is not to say that they are any more recondite either in style or content than those that are better known; rather that they have not yet had their day in court, and for that rea-	son Ciccolini's advocacy is all the more pertinent. The references to "rev. Caby" may be clarified by mentioning that Robert Caby was a member of the Satie inner circle who undertook to assist in the ordering of the *maître's* musical remains when he died in 1925. In all instances, the Satie essence, however diluted, is served at maximum strength by Ciccolini. Excellent reproduction.
Scarlatti: Sonatas (Longo 352, 79, 423, 438, 483, 187, 83, 454, and 23; K. 11, 391, 32, 462, 322, 481, 431, 309, and 380). Antônio Carlos Barbosa-Lima, guitar. ABC stereo, ABC-ATS 20005, $5.98.	To comprehend all the current guitar intelligence in a single report, attention may be directed here to the debut on discs of the young Brazilian Antônio Carlos Barbosa-Lima. He may be described as the latest but, in all probability, not the last to receive the blessing of Andrés Segovia. There is every indication, to judge from the quality of these performances, that he is eminently entitled to that benediction and will go on to even wider recognition than he already enjoys. As to the sequence of nine	Scarlatti sonatas (identified in the entry at left by both their Longo and Kirkpatrick numbers), there is, with me, a good deal less conviction. Barbosa-Lima's cultivation is constantly apparent, but a want of contrast either in the style of the music or the playing of it tends to induce monotony. If, as is sometimes argued, Scarlatti's music has a natural affinity for the guitar, there is an obligation on the player to demonstrate the proof as well as to endorse the argument.
Schubert: Sonata in A minor (D. 821). **Bridge:** Sonata. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; and Benjamin Britten, piano. London stereo, CS-6649, $5.98.	The greatest of Soviet cellists and the foremost of English composers have developed so tight a musical empathy that it would seem that they could produce a beautiful result despite the material with which they were working. In the work converted from the sonata written by Schubert for the instrument called the arpeggione (a six-stringed deviant from the cello sex born in 1824 and deceased soon afterwards), there are moments when the theory is put to the test, but they are not numerous enough to disturb what is an almost unblemished sequence of felicities. Indeed, after the first movement, in which Schubert is attempting to make the extra strings of the arpeggione a valuable re-	source, it settles to an *adagio* and *allegretto* of the songfulness that only he could contrive. It is here that Rostropovich, with his eloquent command of *cantilena,* and Britten, with his known affection for Schubert's song patterns, work as one to the pleasure of all. The care lavished by Britten on the sonata of his teacher (a relationship that is a vital factor in the presence of the work on this disc and is, of course, omitted from the commentary of Geoffrey Crankshaw) is echoed in the impassioned effort of Rostropovich. What this kind of matchless enthusiasm can do almost transcends the limited interests of a work whose sentiment is stronger than the means of the composer for conveying it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Paul Siebel: Homegrown Weed

Paul Siebel albums, I have found, are a good prescription for tired ears, sort of country Geritol boosting the funk and grit in the bloodstream of tired pop arteries. He makes music much as a rural craftsman makes functional art: with an eye to beauty that will last, without any unnecessary frill, and with an earful of sounds, organically produced, that leaves no part of the air he fills unmoving.

His writing is precise, tight, and full of images that appear in a phrase, develop into flesh and feeling, and flash through changes that live throughout the song. His characters are vivid and familiar, explored with a sensitive touch of portrait painting, shown under the glare of a brutal eye for human frailty. After Siebel finishes his musical novelette, one is left with a dramatic impression of a brief lifetime having passed, its every aspect explored, the net result established, played, and gone. He sets up people, places, and stories caught in inescapable changes. He makes no value judgments on them; they exist in the emotional heat of unimportance, come through the range of experience, and disappear into the evanescence of nostalgia.

His two Elektra albums differ as much in personality as his songs from one another. The first, *Woodsmoke and Oranges* (EKS-74064, $4.98), contains a hefty sampling of what the artist is all about. There is his soaring, yodeling celebration of a fine woman in "She Made Me Lose My Blues" and his buffalo blues, "Nashville Again," which is very country, very contemporary, very much akin to the type of talent Kris Kristofferson exhibits as a creator of both entirely original material and a totally unique interpretation of its sound and purpose. Though much of Siebel's song-making is reminiscent of country music, the similarity begins and ends on a very intangible plane. His melodic presence has folk tinges of Middle Europe, Western prairie, and Greenwich Village ghetto. Born and raised on a farm in Attica, New York (otherwise known as the sticks), his music and delivery had a rural unaffectedness later sharpened by a city-bred instinct for the revealing detail. He had been on the city "folk" scene since 1963, when everything was happening in basket houses and on the street. He then became a darling of the Boston folksy set, an honor about which he is quite cynical. It is a wonder he hasn't recorded until recently, but the quality, identity, and security of his records make them well worth an unexplainable delay.

Paul Siebel—the "adventure, absurdity, and realities of being alive."

He comes on with a peculiar mixture of funk and sensitivity. He has a face that roughly resembles a map of New York State; his voice bats around like a speed-freaked hockey puck or a pinball gone berserk, ricocheting around the innards of a song and scoring a point with every contact. His deriding "Miss Cherry Lane," a monologue by a Greenwich Village vampire, bristles with condescending concern, involved irritation, and, finally, a rejection he cannot totally make. On the other hand, his "Then Came the Children," inspired by the Incredible String Band, is a tender revelation about the first generation of liberated children whose lives fill with laughter, while their parents look on and learn.

His second album, *Jackknife Gypsy* (EKS-74081, $4.98), is a more erratic collection of songs but one in which style is more consistent. The sidemen differ from record to record, and the personality of each track is brought out with increased subtlety. The title song is a rouser that kicks and jives from beginning to end. "Lonesome Prayer Song" is haunted, arresting for its aloneness in the midst of horns that echo emptily around it. "Legend of the Captain's Daughter" is a Cajun-style song with seasoning by Doug Kershaw's famous and authentic fiddle work. "Pinto Pony," full of prairie palaver and saddle-bound longings, is a perfect example of Siebel's flair for combining adventure, absurdity, and realities of being alive and feeling alone. It is difficult to imagine the world without Siebel's twenty-one-year-old "Hillbilly Child," who dances a sneaky bugaloo in and out of his song, even though he has just created her. As with most of the eccentric human specimens into which the artist breathes life, you find a bit of each of them inside and all around you.

—ELLEN SANDER.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 39: salts, slats, lasts.

"A Little Folding of the Hands to Sleep"

by Ernest Sandeen

An old man's sleep is never done.
Every winter night he carefully
stretches his shallow dreams across many wakings.

He hoards all the little yawning times
of days for naps, he saves the pauses
in conversation toward almost imperceptible dozes.

It is never enough.

Those were nights when all night long
the skins of love rubbed fire
from each other like repeated dawns
and sleep was beyond question squandered.

The baby however kept warm for only
two hours in the hospital incubator.
For that brief kick and cry in unshaped
light, din of sounds, sting of touches,
he's been sleeping for fifty-two years.

He still sleeps.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Gene Ammons: *Brother Jug.* Ammons, tenor saxophone; Sonny Phillips, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Bernard Purdie, drums. Prestige stereo, 7792, $4.98.	The big, buoyant Ammons tone is applied with equally happy results to a couple of ballads ("Didn't We?" and "Blue Velvet") and four vehicles of an unsentimental character on which he variously preaches, hollers, swings, and drives. As annotator Dan Morgenstern writes, "He is a man who doesn't jive on his horn. He *means* it." The accompaniment on the long, final performance of "Ger-ru" is by a quintet that includes pianist Junior Mance. It is effective enough, and Mance is better here than on his own recent albums, but Sonny Phillips, the organist in the other group, appears to have an even closer affinity with Ammons.
Louis Armstrong: *The Definitive Album.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; Frank Assunto, trumpet and vocal; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; unidentified, piano; Jac Assunto, banjo; Lowell Miller, tuba and bass; Norman Hawley, drums. Audio Fidelity stereo, AFSD-6241, $4.98. *Country and Western Armstrong.* Armstrong, vocal; with six-piece "Nashville rhythm section." AVCO-Embassy stereo, AVE-33022, $4.98.	Although the first album definitely does not merit the adjective in its title, it is nevertheless as welcome as it was unexpected. The Dukes of Dixieland were in attendance when it was recorded in 1959 in Chicago's Oriental Theatre, and music and recording quality are generally below the level reached with the same group the following year, but there are splendid passages to savor, the majesty of Armstrong's trumpet on "Canal Street Blues" alone being worth the price of the record. The dozen samples of Nashville's wares in the second set are something else—too much for even Satchmo's genial humor to overcome completely. Try listening to just two or three tracks at a time.
Gene Estes: *Westful.* Estes, arranger, conductor, and drums; with fourteen-piece band. Nocturne stereo, NRS-701, $5.98.	Unlike most Californian big bands, this one is not oppressively dominated by the brass. Estes writes sensitively for the reeds, and gives them prominence individually and as a section. Bob Hardaway, on tenor saxophone, is perhaps the most rewarding of the soloists, who include Conte Candoli, Herbie Harper, Med Flory, Bob Enevoldsen, Tom Scott, and pianist Joyce Collins, the last shining in an admirable arrangement of a Jimmy Heath original. But the good impression the album makes overall is due less to the soloists than to the excellence of the ensembles and Estes's arrangements. In the opening chorus of "D.A.V.," for example, his use of the clarinet results in a delicious texture that momentarily recalls Fletcher Henderson.
Earl Hines: *Quintessential Record Session.* Hines, piano. Halcyon stereo, 101, $5.98. *At Home.* Hines, piano. Delmark stereo, DS-212, $5.98.	Hines's first solo recordings, made in 1928, were reissued last year on Milestone MLP-2012. In the Halcyon set, he has taken the same eight numbers as the basis for new, extended improvisations. The outcome is extraordinary and magnificent, especially in the knowledge that each interpretation was made spontaneously in one take, sometimes after his memory had been refreshed with a brief hearing of the long-forgotten originals. Invention, enthusiasm, and technical ability have, on this evidence, only been enhanced by forty-one years of strenuous professional activity, a fact confirmed by the Delmark album. The material consists of four recent originals and three standards, and again his rich range of expression, rhythmic assurance, and improvisatory skills are perfectly caught.
Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: *Consummation.* Jones, flugelhorn, arranger, and conductor; Lewis, drums; with fifteen-piece band; guitar added on two tracks; four French horns and tuba added on two others. Blue Note stereo, BST-84346, $5.98.	The album really seems to achieve the consummation of all this uncompromising band has striven for since its formation. Without doubt, it is its best to date. All the compositions and arrangements are by Jones, who shows constant progress both in those areas and as a flugelhorn soloist. The dense textures and brooding sounds he favors are here in their usual strength on pieces at slow tempo, but the intelligent programing introduces brighter moods and springier ensembles on "Tiptoe" and "Ahunk Ahunk." The former features a fine muted chorus by Snooky Young, to whom the leaders pay just tribute in their informative notes. The band can also be heard in an interesting two-record set recorded live in Germany (*Jazz Wave, Ltd., Vol. I,* BST-89905, $5.98), where it sounds noticeably more relaxed than in its studio recordings, especially on the ten-minute "Don't Get Sassy."
Horace Silver: *That Healin' Feelin'.* Silver, electric piano; Randy Brecker, trumpet and flugelhorn; George Coleman or Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw or Jimmy Lewis, Fender bass; Mickey Roker or Idris Muhammed, drums; Andy Bey, Gail Nelson, Jackie Verdell, vocal. Blue Note stereo, BST-84352, $5.98.	The striking cover shows an intense Silver in turban and Indian (or Persian?) robe, but the title tune dispels any fear that he may have gone too far east. What have been added to his customary quintet, catchy tunes, and rhythmic drive are "uplifting" lyrics, singers, and an electric piano. The subjects examined by this jazz swami range from reincarnation, love, peace, and "the promptings of the higher self or spirit" to nudity and sex. Messages about them are put across with engaging verve, vocally and instrumentally. The album's subtitle, incidentally, is "The United States of Mind, Phase I."
Rex Stewart and Wingy Manone: *Trumpet Jive!* Stewart, cornet; Tyree Glenn, trombone and vibraphone; Earl Bostic, alto saxophone; Cecil Scott, tenor and baritone saxophones; Dave Rivera, piano; Brick Fleagle, guitar; Junior Raglin, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Prestige stereo, 7812, $4.98.	There is, despite the title, very little jive in the four performances by Stewart on the first side. Recorded for English Parlophone in 1945, and never previously issued here, they are well planned and well played in a somewhat Ellingtonian vein. The leader is in fiercely explosive form, and there are fine trombone solos from Glenn, but for many, who know him only by his later records, the real surprise will be Earl Bostic. At this stage in his career, his style and tone were closer to those of Benny Carter, although his supple playing recalls Johnny Hodges in the delicious dialogue with Glenn on "Dreamer's Blues." The eight tracks by Manone are relatively lightweight and not well recorded. Joe Marsala has a typical clarinet chorus on "Bread an' Gravy," and there are attractive piano passages by Dave Bowman, who reveals a line of descent from Earl Hines via Jess Stacy. —STANLEY DANCE.

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"MEDEA" À LA MAYR

Ours is an age of operatic inquiry. Rare works of Donizetti surface after years of neglect and are found to have not only historical interest but transcendent merit of their own. Infrequently given operas of Bellini (less compelling) are exhumed, the bones respectfully observed, and returned to their resting place. At present, having found Berlioz, we are following up on the less great but still fascinating Meyerbeer.

This movement to burst the bonds of standard repertoire is a healthy one and pays off in bringing us neglected scores that are likely to stay. *Roberto Devereux*, if current excitement is any gauge, should not soon vanish. *Les Troyens* is part of the scene in many great houses. And, given a suitable cast, conductor, and mounting, can *Les Huguenots* be far behind?

These are the spectacular operas that, though previously passed over in our time, come from a period of musical history fairly well known to us. There does exist, however, in the annals of Italian opera an era within an era that is shadowy as art, full of delicate connecting tissue involving the course of voice, orchestra, and the stage from early Rossini through Verdi of the middle period. Two of its leaders were the transitional Johann Simon Mayr, a Bavarian composer who found his spiritual home in Italy, played viola in the orchestra of the Teatro Fenice in Venice, founded the conservatory of music in Bergamo, and taught the young Donizetti; and Severio Mercadante, prolific composer of operas paralleling (in years but not quality) *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*.

Last season both of these composers suddenly appeared in memoriam at Lincoln Center, drawing fresh attention to a period long shrouded in obscurity. Mercadante was represented on the stage of the new Juilliard Theater by *Il Giuramento*, which turned out to be more a research project (set in motion by the 100th anniversary of Mercadante's death) than a living opera; and his predecessor of a quarter-century, Mayr, by a work—*Medea in Corinto*—that struck relative fire in itself and full incandescence in the performance at Alice Tully Hall by the Clarion Concerts Society under the direction of Newell Jenkins.

That performance has been recorded by Vanguard (VCS-10087/9, $17.94). Anyone concerned with the flow of opera in history will want it. The work itself is prevalently noble, often exciting. Like the companion *Médée* of Cherubini, Mayr's score seems longer on great intentions and superb rhetoric than on cogent musical ideas; but it has much of interest for any operagoer with an ear attuned to points of origin and destination. From the broad, monumental terrain of *Medea in Corinto* (1813), which looks backward at certain crucially dramatic moments in *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*, the way forward can lead only to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* sixteen years later and to Verdi's *Nabucco*. Mayr's influence on Donizetti is, of course, already well known.

These historical trends are strong. Medea herself, in many ferocious entrances, reminds one of Mozart's Donna Elvira, turning up vengefully to confront Don Giovanni. Only here, Jason is on the receiving end. And the wonderful sonorities of the dungeon scene refer back most certainly to Florestan. The instrumentation is outstanding: well structured, varied, resourceful. That skilled orchestrator Donizetti clearly learned from his master.

Newell Jenkins conducts with imagination and authority. The orchestra of Clarion Concerts plays beautifully for him, and the singers fit well within the framework established by the director. I enjoyed best the Creüsa of Joan Patenaude (she who is given the flaming cloak by the vengeful Medea), sung with fine lyricism; the dramatically etched Jason of Allen Cathcart—with attacks and phrasing of first-rate clarity; the striking perceptive Ego of Robert White. Thomas Palmer, a very good baritone, seems miscast at times in the predominantly basso *tessitura* of Creonte. The confidante, Ismene, of Molly Stark comes off adequately.

Which leaves us with the Medea of Marisa Galvany. She is doubtless effective but not my cup of tea. All those provincial chest tones (like Antonietta Stella on an especially persistent night) can be alienating, and, although I have no copy of the score at hand, instinct tells me that three wildly eccentric top tones (two Ds and an E, if I am not mistaken) *must* have been interpolated —with inappropriate, cheapening effect. Of course, if Mayr put them there, apologies are hereby rendered.

These are surface reservations. The recording (with modal balances, superbly clear and poised) is much to be commended. Not many tunes, perhaps, that one can recall, but a wealth of achievement in every other direction.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Beethoven in Retrospect

I WAS VERY pleased with the coverage of the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birth in "Beethoven in Retrospect: 1770-1970" [*SR*, Nov. 28]. Being a high school music student, I was very much interested in the thorough account of historical details presented. Although the bicentenary of Beethoven's birth is not significant in itself, it is an excellent excuse to present the public with historical data about this great composer. I found the completeness of the coverage satisfactory, and I was glad to see such an event emphasized as it was.

DONALYN S. KILLOUGH,
Bay City, Mich.

"Rock" and Art

I READ with great interest the article by Ellen Sander "Rock 1970: A Level of Excellence" [*SR*, Dec. 26]. Miss Sander takes the traditional approach to the question of rock music; this is the basic fallacy of the article. Being an artist—a painter—I take a much different attitude toward rock music. The article covers the entire spectrum of the rock movement. No difference is stated between the English rock movement and the American rock movement. Even the American rock movement has different phases; for example, the much dominant San Francisco sound of northern California. The review of rock music is done only on the technical qualities of the album. Facets of an art are left out—truth or honesty and validity, for examples.

The article did, however, contain information helpful to almost any rock follower. Of special interest, Grateful Dead and Paul Kantner; however, I feel that *Workingman's Dead* is by far not the best Grateful Dead album. Nothing can compete with their first album; at the time of its release, it contained a beauty that they have since had increasingly to replace with technical proficiency. They have, however, been able to escape the trap into which the Beatles fell. For they stayed close to the vibrations that have been flowing from San Francisco since 1965. The same can be said of Paul Kantner. I also do not agree with statements made about the Creedence Clearwater Revival, another Bay Area group, but I will not make any comments on that matter. Only, that one should note statements made on art in the earlier part of this letter.

JERRY MADSON,
Bemidji, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The intention of the article was selective, not encyclopedic.*

Black Music and Musicians

THE REVIEW of Natalie Hinderas (or, rather, the title of her Desto project "Music by Black Composers") is going to be called racist in some quarters [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Dec. 26]. There will be those who find it cruelly ironic that the Negro—who lost his capitol when he became black—can now secure recognition only if he acts white among the pseudo-liberals, forgetting the cultural dignity that Miss Hinderas has so excellently registered.

We need to have this music performed and properly identified. There are many teachers and students who will benefit enormously from such an anthology of music by distinguished black composers.

Must we deny validity to the concept behind such discs as *Light Music from Norway* or *Piano Music by Latin-American Composers*, or is the black still the only target for this game?

Finally, I should be interested in reading an *SR* review of *Black Music in Our Culture* (Kent State University Press), to which Miss Hinderas and three of her composers contributed.

DOMINIQUE-RENE DE LERMA,
Director, Black Music Center,
School of Music,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Light Music from Norway" refers, fortunately, to the character of the music, not to the color of the composer who composed it.*

Pianist, Not Playwright

I AM the performer of Arthur Berger's piano pieces appearing on the Acoustic Research Contemporary Music Project recordings reviewed by Oliver Daniel in "The Fruits of Industry, or What AR Hath Wrought" [*SR*, Dec. 26].

I was referred to as *"Arthur* Miller," and request herewith that a correction appear as soon as possible.

ROBERT MILLER,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The affiliation with Arthur Berger was unintentionally extended to result in "Arthur" Miller.*

The "Shakespearean" In Giuseppe Verdi

JAMES H. ABBOTT'S strong claim [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Dec. 26] that Verdi's *La Forza del destino* "has nothing to do with Shakespeare" is quite incorrect. Even the distinguished Herbert Weinstock, who wrote that the opera has "fabric of more Shakespearean density" ("Finer 'Forza,' Optional 'Requiems,'" *SR*, Oct. 31), may not be aware how correct he was.

In a superb lecture here six years ago, Harold D. Rosenthal, editor of London's *Opera* and archivist of Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, showed the relatively unknown Shakespearean roots in text and music of *Forza*. Verdi's greatest unfulfilled ambition was to compose a *King Lear* for the operatic stage. He made many musical sketches for his projected *Lear* over a period of years and decided

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to use some of them in *Forza*. Leonora's first act aria "Me pellegrina ed orfana" was, note and word, originally intended for Cordelia.

As a long-time admirer of Mr. Weinstock's musical and historical scholarship, which has no superior in our language today, I cannot conceive his having "complete ignorance and scorn for anything that comes from Spain" or anywhere else. A simple perusal of his *Donizetti, Rossini*, or many other books, articles, and reviews would readily refute this.

JOHN M. GEHL III,
New Orleans, La.

Bass by Fender

IN HIS coverage of recent jazz LPs [RECORDINGS REPORTS, Dec. 26], Stanley Dance listed the names and instruments of the instrumentalists in the "Data" column. Gerald Jemmott played Fender bass for Erroll Garner; Bob Bushnell played Fender bass for Houston Person.

I am interested in knowing an exact definition of a "Fender bass." My queries to musicians and music store personnel lead me to think that this instrument is nothing but an electric bass guitar made by the Fender Company. If this is the case, why shouldn't Mr. Dance list a drummer as playing Gretsch drums, a pianist as playing Baldwin piano, etc.?

A reply will, I hope, clear up a confusion in the mind of a traditional bass player who likes to be knowledgeable in the string instrument field.

STEPHEN D. PRATT,
Framingham Centre, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As saxophone refers to Adolphe Saxe, who devised a horn different from any predecessor, so Fender bass defines a bass instrument that has its own characteristics.*

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1435

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1435 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1434

It is always with the best intentions that the worst work is done.
—OSCAR WILDE.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 53

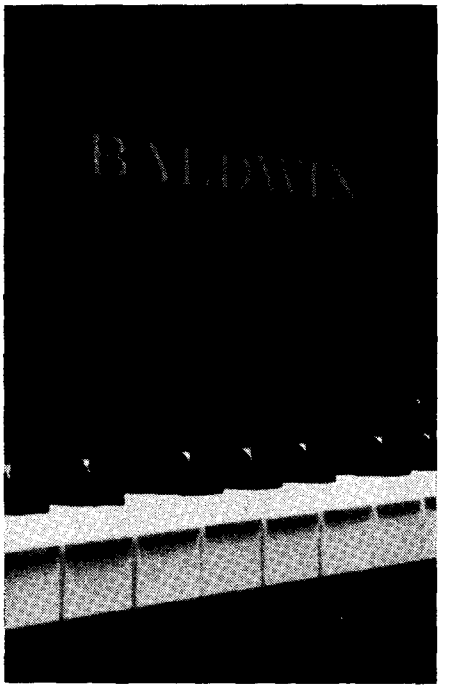
Moog Synthesizer and Buchla Modular Electronic Music System. Seraphim stereo, SIC 6060, $8.94.

DOUGLAS LEEDY is a product of the same West Coast which fostered Henry Cowell, John Cage, Harry Partch, Lou Harrison, and others to whom sound was a substance to be manipulated as well as to be made into music. Why this should be so has, up to now, eluded explanation, but it could be that California's natural advantages promote thoughts of substances in their raw, or natural, state, whether it be raisins and prunes or 440 vibrations.

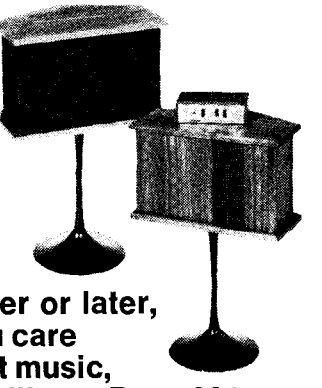
It is Leedy's contention that the time has come for us to order our sound environment as we do our lighting, our décor, our temperature, and olfactory environment (pine or floral?) through the use of the electronic means newly available. This is not wholly original—ideas rarely are—but it converts the French conception of *musique d'ameublement* ("music as furniture") into an even more basic kind of anonymity: raw vibrations without the trouble of being composed and with no pretense to an art form.

I found the first of the six sides devoted to Leedy's environmental experiments (evoked by crossing a Moog with a Buchla) most appealing, perhaps because I was more responsive, at the moment of 4 p.m. on Thursday, January 7, to its suggestions of Cambodian temple bells with bird songs than I was to side 2 (Ping-pong game under small-arms fire), 3 (roller coaster for woofer), or 4 (sixty-cycle hum with Wagnerian "Forest Bird"). But this is, all good decorators say, intimately a matter of taste. Once the principle of pressing a button and being wafted, aurally, to distant places—or no place at all, merely an imagined one of Leedy's *Entropical Paradise* or, in headline terms, "Para-Paradise"—is accepted, like indirect lighting or a zebra-striped divan, the competition in catering to the tone-deaf, the eye-rather-than-ear-minded, and the merely musically illiterate could be intense.

The best of this is, as I hear it, that it may take the onus off music to be "background" to anything else and restore it to its original, honorable estate of something to be listened to, not read by, slept by, or bugged by. Should Leedy's innovation and all the sophistications it can give rise to ever catch on, his name may go down, with Pasteur's, Fleming's, and Maj. Walter Reed's among those honored for ridding mankind of a grievous affliction.
—I.K.



Earl Wild's Accompanist



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Cassette Man

Continued from page 44

porations can begin to make use of the technologies that already exist. Video hobbyists can begin to tinker with the Ampex Instavision system, but remember that it will take about $1,000 to acquire the works, another $400 for the electronic camera, and $13 per half-hour blank color cassette. At demonstrations, it worked fine; so did Sony's comparable system. The Teldec disc also gives a reasonably satisfactory TV picture, but that's at least two years off, and two in this field has a way of being three or four.

Meanwhile, there are attempts going forward at innovative programing for cassette. Grove Press has announced that it will launch its *Evergreen Review* in video-cassette form, to be produced once a month and sold on a subscription basis. What it has not announced is *which* system or systems the magazine can be played on, nor was a price mentioned. Checking with AVCO Cartrivision, a possible medium for the magazine, I discovered that the price of a two-hour *blank* tape alone is pegged presently at $30.

If pricing is to be the major factor in any large-scale consumer-market development, then all programers must sooner or later submit to the realistic exigencies. Assuming this to be so, one might venture a few forecasts. CBS-EVR will have the institutional market virtually to itself for at least two years. Hobbyists and experimental film-makers might go for Ampex or Sony. AVCO's system falls within this area, too, and its advantage may be that it is looking into providing programing as actively as it develops the so-called hardware, and the company may well turn out to be a major producer for its own and other systems. Rentals of programs rather than sales should eventually dominate. But, looking into 1973, and further, one sees RCA and Teldec as front-runners, primarily because of lower cost. RCA figures it can at least halve the cost of a comparable EVR cartridge. Teldec claims it can produce a fifteen-minute color disc for the present price of an LP.

But there is one other strong reason why most of us must bide our time. The current economic depression is preventing large-scale financing of production lines, distribution systems, and new programing. With all the talk about a billion-dollar-per-year industry-to-be, it is astonishing how relatively little in the way of financial resources is available to take advantage of the supposed windfall. The cassette man is surely coming. Little doubt of that. But he hasteneth not.

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Biology

Continued from page 19

used extensively to help interpret the complex data.

It is not likely that these explorations will find that some individuals are born criminals, others alcoholics, etc. Once we recognize the unique leanings that are a part of each of us, we will see how, by adjusting the environment, these leanings can be turned toward ends that are socially constructive. Every inherited factor can be influenced by an appropriate adjustment of the environment. All this should not be made to sound too easy; it may be more difficult than going to the moon, but it will be far more worthwhile.

One of these specific problems—alcoholism—has been of special interest to me. After about twenty-five years of study, I am convinced that inborn biochemical characteristics are basic to this disease, but that expert application of knowledge about cellular nutrition (which is not far off) will make it scientifically possible to prevent the disease completely and to correct the condition if the application of corrective measures is not too long delayed.

Inborn inherited characteristics have a direct bearing on the current revolt against the Establishment. If biology had not been banished from behavioral science, and if students and other intellectuals were well aware of the biological roots of their existence, it would be taken for granted that conformity is not a rule of life.

If all that we human beings inherit is our humanity, then we all should be reaching for the same uniform goal: becoming a thoroughly representative and respectable specimen of Homo sapiens. There is rebellion against this idea. Revolters want to do "their thing." The revolt takes on many forms because many unique individuals are involved.

If non-conformity had a better status in the eyes of the Establishment (and it would have if our thinking were more biologically oriented), exhibitionism would be diminished and the desire of each individual to live his own life could be fostered in a natural way.

Human beings are not carbon copies of one another. Students and others who are in revolt have found this out. Perhaps without fully recognizing it, they are pleading for a recognition of inborn individuality. This is essentially a legitimate plea, but it can take the form of disastrous anarchy. A peaceful means of helping resolve the ideological mess we are in is to recognize heredity by having a happy marriage of biology and behavioral science.

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(Continued from page 61)

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1921

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scene or occasion of suffering	85 101 108 149 163 173 201 8 52 55
B. Fruitless, unsuccessful	56 121 125 140 150 151 170 174
C. Determination	185 193 7 17 40 136 143
D. Rehearsal; recital	144 146 167 183 191 196 206 5 32 66
E. 500-mile long river, sinkiang prov., W China	105 113 157 204 13 81 133
F. Ardent; angry; devoted (comp.)	145 154 158 172 188 192 41 46
G. Set up	64 97 98 120 135 153 178 1 10
H. "They blest him in their pain, that they were not ——." (3 wds; Tennyson, "The Revenge")	70 83 89 93 128 141 189 36 37 78 103
I. One that closely resembles another; double (comp.)	117 186 54 123 171 177 194 4 12
J. Airplane towing one or more gliders (2 wds.)	24 20 30 75 84 99 106 124
K. Serenade	127 176 187 2 18 31 74 111 116 25

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Construe	87 138 160 199 203 61 91 129 180
M. Shrew	60 179 197 27 47 110 139 184 205
N. Inlet of SW Georgian Bay, Ontario, Canada (2 wds.)	71 96 132 159 190 77 80 198 14
O. Victims of a charivari	162 21 72 104 114 115 137 82 94
P. 7th-cent. B.C. Greek lyric poet and writer of lampoons	44 63 39 58 147 165 73 50 28 35 130
Q. Holy smoke! (2 wds.)	134 168 34 19 16 26 67 86 53 76
R. Mystic; oracular	90 11 142 109 156 57
S. Indomitable (comp.)	107 161 175 43 22 38 202 49 6 92 3
T. Thriving (2 wds.)	181 152 69 118 102 112 59 9
U. Persistent attack	42 119 62 148 164
V. Make smart or spruce	79 23 88 169 33 51 131 65
W. Hebdomadal (2 wds.)	29 182 68 195 15 126 48 122 100
X. Surname of three brothers, American painters, who emigrated from Russia in 1912	45 95 166 155 200

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 G	2 K	3 S		4 I	5 D	6 S	7 C		8 A	9 T	10 G		11 R	12 I	13 E	14 N
15 W		16 Q	17 C		18 K	19 Q	20 J	21 O		22 S	23 V	24 J	25 K	26 Q		27 M
28 P	29 W	30 J		31 K	32 D	33 V	34 Q		35 P	36 H		37 H	38 S		39 P	40 C
41 F	42 U	43 S		44 P	45 X		46 F	47 M	48 W	49 S		50 P	51 V	52 A		53 Q
54 I		55 A	56 B	57 R	58 P		59 T	60 M	61 L	62 U	63 P	64 G	65 V	66 D	67 Q	68 W
	69 T	70 H	71 N	72 O		73 P	74 K	75 J		76 Q	77 N		78 H	79 V		80 N
81 E	82 O	83 H	84 J	85 A	86 Q		87 L	88 V		89 H	90 R	91 L		92 S	93 H	94 O
	95 X	96 N	97 G		98 G	99 J	100 W	101 A		102 T	103 H	104 O	105 E		106 J	107 S
	108 A	109 R	110 M	111 K		112 T	113 E	114 O		115 O	116 K	117 I	118 T		119 U	120 G
	121 B	122 W		123 I	124 J	125 B	126 W	127 K		128 H	129 L	130 P	131 V	132 N	133 E	
134 Q	135 G	136 C	137 O	138 L		139 M	140 B	141 H	142 R	143 C	144 D		145 F	146 D	147 P	148 U
149 A	150 B		151 B	152 T		153 G	154 F	155 X	156 R	157 E		158 F	159 N	160 L	161 S	162 O
163 A	164 U	165 P	166 X		167 D	168 Q	169 V	170 B	171 I	172 F	173 A		174 B	175 S	176 K	177 I
178 G	179 M	180 L	181 T	182 W	183 D		184 M	185 C	186 I	187 K	188 F	189 H	190 N		191 D	192 F
193 C	194 I	195 W		196 D	197 M	198 N	199 L	200 X		201 A	202 S	203 L	204 E	205 M	206 D	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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What in the world is a World Federalist?

A World Federalist is someone who believes that:

■ The most important problems on earth today are no longer national problems but world problems: war and peace, the rapid poisoning of the oceans, the dangerous decrease of oxygen in the air, the depletion of the earth's resources, the rapid growth of the world's population. These world problems call for effective world agencies and institutions.

■ The proper place to create these agencies and to establish a rule of law is within the United Nations.

■ The United Nations does not now possess enforceable authority over international lawbreakers. This does not mean, however, that the United Nations cannot be strengthened in order to keep the peace, prevent further deterioration of the world's environment, protect the resources of the earth, and act in the best interests of human-kind.

■ The authority of the United Nations must be adequate to cope with common dangers and common needs of the world's people.

■ All other authority should remain with the national governments — authority over national cultures, institutions, and values. The national governments should give up the right to molest or attack or interfere with the sovereignty of other nations, or to pursue policies that are against the human interest. The United Nations should be equipped with adequate security forces to protect peoples against aggression.

■ The effort to create a rule of law in the world may be the most difficult and complicated undertaking in history. It is also the most essential.

Who are some of the men who have supported these beliefs and principles?

Winston Churchill called for a world government of adequate powers to keep the peace. Pope John XIII issued an encyclical which called for world law in time to avert war. President John F. Kennedy advocated full development of the United Nations with powers equal to the demands of a lasting peace.

U.N. Secretary-General U Thant has warned the world of a disastrous breakdown in ten years if the United Nations is not given essential and enforceable powers. The Prime Minister of Denmark, Hilmar Baunsgaard, has pledged his nation to work for a federalized United Nations. Foreign Minister Carlos Romulo, of the Philippines, has introduced specific proposals in the United Nations calling for a progressive strengthening of the peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations. More than a dozen ambassadors have made similar constructive proposals.

In essence, what World Federalists are saying is that the time has come to place human sovereignty above national sovereignty.

World Federalists have branches in thirty-six nations. The name of the American branch is World Federalists, U.S.A. The President of the American Federalists is Joseph S. Clark, former United States Senator.

This is an invitation to you to become a World Federalist. You are needed to help build what must literally become the most important movement in the world.

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"*World Federalists hold before us the vision of a unified mankind living in peace under a just world order. They have never failed to remind man of those attributes of spirit and intelligence which can yet spare him from the scourge of another world war by creating the conditions of a workable peace under law. The heart of their program — a world under law — is realistic and attainable.*" — *U Thant*

United Nations Secretary-General
(from a talk to World Federalists at Ottawa, August, 1970).

World Association of World Federalists
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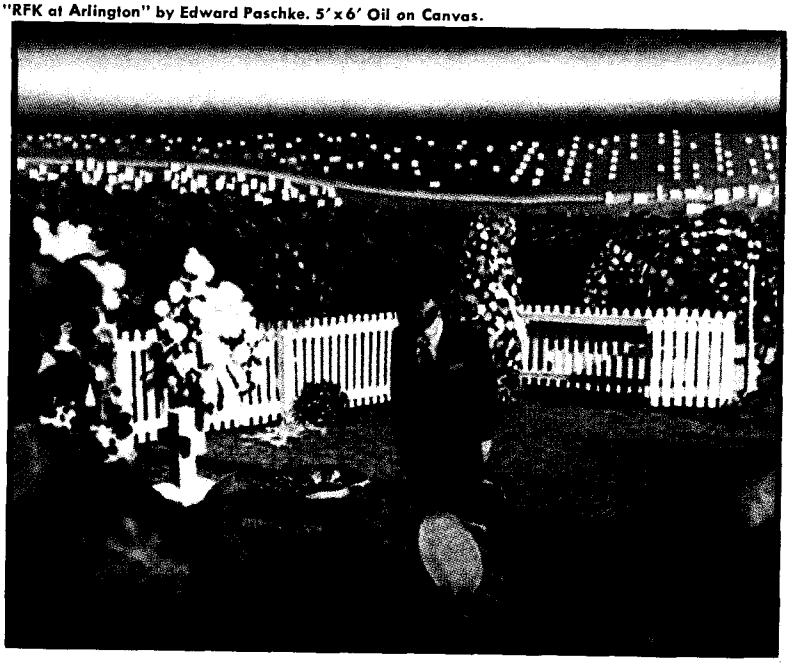

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